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From a Painting by E. Zimmermann
"But now Jesus has come to call them to permanent Discipleship, to leave forever their boats and nets, to forsake all and follow Him"

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOL. VI.

JUNE, 1897.

No. 3

ANTITOXIN: A MODERN TRIUMPH

BY H. B. BOULDEN



Anti-Diphtheria Serum ready for the Market.



ALL scientific investigation, in whatever field, has a tendency to widen thought and push further back the horizon. In its growth science is cumulative.

Each discovery gains something from its predecessor, and is a stepping-stone to that which is beyond. Some discoveries, thought in particular, come, as it were, nearer to human kind, and have a special effect in moulding and preserving life. It is one of these that we purpose studying in this article, viz.: the discovery of Antitoxin and the steps in its manufacture. The term antitoxin has come to be almost a household word, a subject not only investigated and discussed by medical men and scientists, but talked of around the fireside at home. The physician may speak of it in scientific terms, classing it with many other remedies, though giving it its due importance; but in the home where diphtheria rages and lays low the beloved little ones, it

comes as a relief, a saviour, and snatches the little child from almost the very cold of death. Is it any wonder that people are alive to the virtues of Antitoxin? Is it strange that they wish to know and see more and more of its great power and benignity? Certainly not, for it would be just as strange were they to refuse the air and sunshine which give color to the cheek, light to the eye, and pulsation to the heart.

The world stood in awe decades ago when the Herschels turned the mighty telescope into the blue ether and measured its depths, while they weighed and touched, as it were, the worlds upon worlds moving in the highways of the heavens. They looked and saw visions never before given to human eye. They caught the light ray that two hundred and eighty years before had started from its parent source, and they read its history. They lived in other worlds; they measured the sizes and almost inconceivable distances of the spheres, and left a rich legacy to succeeding ages.

In contra-distinction to this larger world in space, there was yet in the womb of time another universe unrevealed, the world of the infinitely little, a new realm where lived and moved count-

NOTE. For an opportunity to thoroughly inspect their Bacteriological Laboratory during the manufacture of Antitoxin, and for the pictures herein given, the author is indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Parke, Davis and Co., Detroit, Mich.

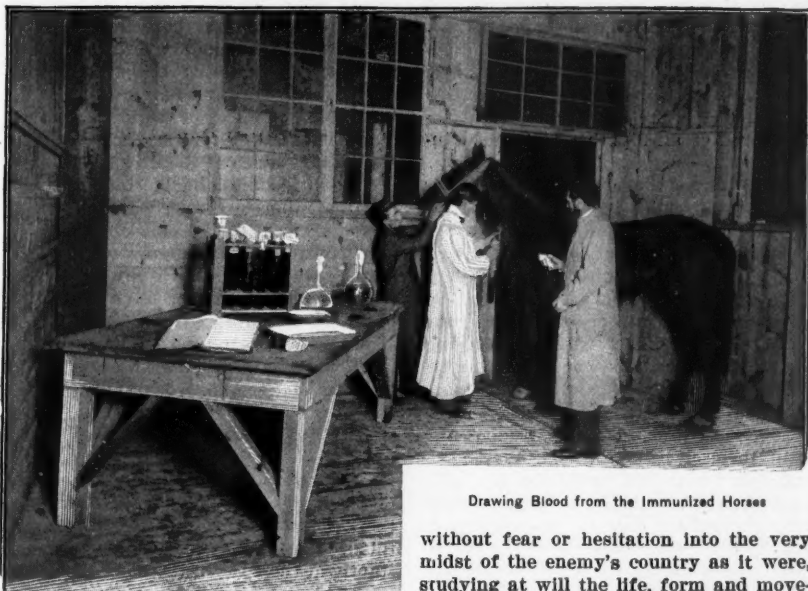
less millions of tiny bodies that come into closest contact with human life and health. This new world, the universe of the germs, as seen through the microscope, is even more varied, marvellous and important to us than that seen through the telescope. Astronomy reveals bodies and distances infinitely great, while microscopy enters the field of the infinitesimally small, and revels in worlds no unaided human eye can see. The planets, suns and millions of stars revolve in their cycles unmindful and unheeding of man and his doings. Not so, however, with this other universe. Its inhabitants have to do with us and we with them. They make and unmake life seemingly at will, and are ever present, ever active, some killing and blighting, while others sustain and reconstruct the life tissues; the two kinds often meeting in mortal combat and each striving for supremacy. A strange mixture indeed, a friend and foe, but all forming that wondrous plan of creation which runs throughout the ages.

Much was in store for the investigators, relating to the all important problem of life, a broad inexhaustible field. The thought given to disease, its cause and its mode of prevention, gained impetus as the years rolled by, each generation giving its quota of careful investigation and patient study. No decade was without its share of honor, and so the past gradually merged into the present, bringing us face to face with our own generation of bacteriologists, these faithful students of germ life and action, who, with microscope turned into the realm of lesser things, have not only substantiated the facts of predecessors, but added discovery to discovery until we now have an acquaintance with germ life, and with these myriads of tiny, silent actors as intimate almost as we have with our nearest friends. We need but mention the names of Koch, Klebs, Buchner, Kitasato, Metschnikoff, Loeffler and that perhaps greatest of all biological investigators, the immortal Pasteur, to have our people pause to give honor to the gifted scientists, who, as it were, took their lives in their hands, and went into the very presence of deadly germs that their fellow beings might have immunity from disease and relief from its attendant evils and death.

No more appropriate eulogy could be given the great and lamented Pasteur than these words of a recent writer: "There is no one in the world to whom medical science owes more than to Pasteur. His scientific career is a luminous track in the profound night of the 'infiniment petit' on the lowest levels of being where life originates. Of tender heart, he was the most merciful and reasonable of vivisectionists. The salvation of human health and life was his end in all experiments. 'Are ye not of more value than many sparrows?' was his conclusive reply to cranky critics."

The years may come and go, but ever in the bosom of a grateful people Pasteur will be kept in loving memory, and his name inseparably enshrined with those of the immortals. High and low, rich and poor alike share the results of his great discoveries and bless the name of their deliverer. It took generations to produce a Pasteur. His germ theories and discoveries, after long years of patient thought and investigation, at last blossomed forth as the flowering of the century plant, and are the wonder and admiration of the thousands, who justly consider him one of mankind's greatest benefactors. He it was who laid the foundation for our present work with bacteria. Based upon his experiments, finding in the evil its own remedy, it was discovered that by attenuating the virus (lessening the strength of the poison) we can by appropriate treatment give an animal such a high degree of immunity to a certain disease that a relatively small quantity of its blood or blood serum will contain sufficient poison-destroying power, or antitoxin, to neutralize all the poison produced in an ordinary case of the disease. The blood serum of this immune animal we can borrow without detriment to its owner; we can bottle it, preserve it, if need be send it thousands of miles and there give its hoarded strength to one in need.

The word Antitoxin in its broad sense as popularly used to-day and spoken of is the preparation employed in the cure and prevention of diphtheria—that dread disease which has robbed the homes of their sweetest and brightest blossoms of the infant and child world. Many are the



Drawing Blood from the Immunized Horses

shadows this malady has thrown across the threshold, many are the heart-strings it has wrung and broken, many are the tears it has caused to flow. Stalking abroad, it has entered alike the palace and hovel, claiming its victims without respect to class or person. It has implanted the kiss of death where before life had been brilliant and happy, and has invariably left in its course sadness and gloom where erstwhile were hope and joy.

But the new science said, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther." With a new understanding of the germs—the cause of the disease—came fast a remedy for its prevention and cure; and this remedy which came as a natural sequence, and for which an expectant world had long been waiting, is Antitoxin or more specially called Anti-Diphtheritic Serum. The origin of this and similar preparations is found in those minute unicellular vegetable organisms we call bacteria, which are species of fungi very closely related to yeast and mold. By greatly improved methods of microscopical study, we are enabled to observe the many phases in the cycle of life in this new and hitherto undiscovered world. We go now

without fear or hesitation into the very midst of the enemy's country as it were, studying at will the life, form and movements of these tiniest of the tiny.

Other antitoxins than that for diphtheria are manufactured, and therapeutically some of these are successfully employed to-day in combating disease. Each product is derived, however, in a similar manner from its own individual germs, and a specific remedy results, which is applicable to and of value only in its own realm—Anti-diphtheritic Serum for Diphtheria, Anti-tubercle Serum for Consumption, Anti-tetanic Serum for Lock-jaw, Anti-streptococcal Serum for fevers, etc. The results following the injections of some of these serums are indeed marvellous. The number of the products is constantly increasing with each advanced step in science; and, judging from the results already obtained by the use of specific antitoxic serums, the closing years of this century mark the greatest gains for rational medicine the world has ever known.

The almost simultaneous discoveries in 1883 and 1884 of the bacillus of diphtheria by the German investigators, Klebs and Loeffler, demonstrated such progress in pathological research that these scientists, through courtesy, have been honored by the world naming this organism the Klebs-Loeffler bacillus.

Having obtained, isolated, examined, and cultivated these little rod-shaped germs, we so manipulate them and their products that the curative antitoxic serum is the final result. These tiny newly discovered bodies are found to be the specific cause of all diphtheria. Though infinitesimally small, so small indeed that a space no larger than a pin-head could easily contain millions, we shall see later on that we can isolate them, cultivate them, and use them at will as though they were garden plants. Strange to say these germs may gain access to and be carried in the mouth or throat of the healthy individual without causing trouble, but when the conditions are favorable—just as seed grows under proper surroundings of soil and moisture—these little bodies grasp the opportunity and plant themselves in the mucous membrane of the throat, propagating their kind so rapidly that soon the membrane becomes so filled that life is endangered. All the time, too, they are generating their poison known as toxin, which rapidly goes into circulation to all parts of the body, poisoning and killing. Thus we have rise of temperature, paralysis and other symptoms of diphtheria.

It is not our object in this article to deal with the therapeutic efficacy of Antitoxin in the cure and prevention of diphtheria. We leave that for discussion in the medical journals, and in passing, wish simply to say in brief that in diphtheria an average of many estimates shows the death-rate diminished one-half under the serum treatment. Behring believes that the mortality will not exceed five per cent. if the treatment is begun forty-eight hours after the attack. The longer we delay in injecting the product the more unfavorable is the prospect of a cure, the greater is the quantity of Antitoxin required, and the more uncertain becomes the result. In short the beneficial results are in proportion to the quickness with which the remedy is utilized. But these figures good as they are—a saving of one-half the number of children who are victims of diphtheria—do not nearly represent the value of Antitoxin. Its greatest promise is in the way of immunity, prophylaxis. Experience has forcibly shown us that diseases are more easily prevented than cured and that we must look for existing

causes before we can reasonably hope for a prevention or a cure. Physicians, Boards of Health, and Superintendents of Children's Homes and Hospitals, realizing this preventative feature of Antitoxin, have acted upon the ideas, as they did in vaccinating for smallpox, with the results that much of the dread once associated with diphtheria is taken away, and the children, formerly the chief sufferers, are now spared pain and death.

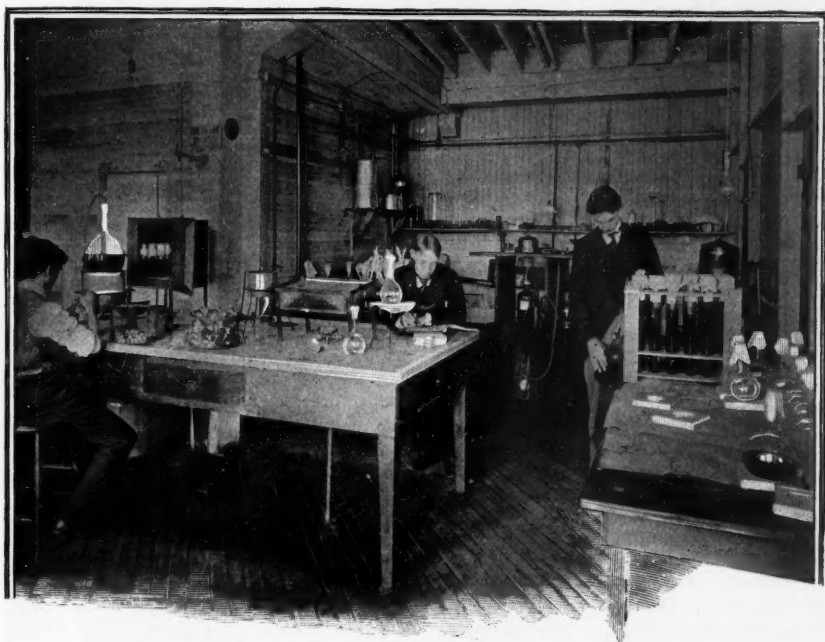
To study the manufacture of antitoxin step by step, we ask you now to come with us and see the successive interesting processes employed. In order to understand these broadly and intelligently, one must come into the closest touch with the operator and see his work among these tiny creatures of the nether world, which work is painstaking, careful and exhaustive. Upon entering the Bacteriological Laboratory, we see here the microscopes, the eyes by which the operator looks into the strange new world of the little. On this side is the large incubator, kept constantly at the body heat, where the germs propagate and generate the poisons, or toxins as they are called. Near by is the dust-proof room where the antitoxic serum is bottled under aseptic precautions. Here in an adjoining department are different varieties of steam sterilizers and other improved apparatus. Innumerable shelves, cases and tables are full of test-tubes, flasks and porcelain filters. Passing through another door, we see cage after cage standing side by side containing guinea pigs and rabbits, upon which are to be tested the toxins and their cures. Skilled operators and assistants move hither and thither, giving time and talent to the careful preparation of this death combating product. In another department separate from the rest, spacious and well lighted, we see stall after stall of sleek, handsome, well-kept horses, under constant immunization and care, and from which the serum is drawn.

The steadily increasing demand, calls almost each week for additional horses to meet the large output of serum, so popular and efficacious has the treatment become. One of the first, most pronounced and ever present features that impresses the spectator in the Bacteriological Laboratory is the extreme cleanli-

ness and thorough aseptic measures strictly observed in every process even to the minutest detail.

In preparing the Antitoxin, which requires considerable time, the best technical skill and large expense, it is first of all necessary to have means of obtaining a large number of cultures from the throats of patients suffering from diphtheria. These cultures are best secured by rubbing a small sterilized swab first over the diphtheritic membrane of the throat, then on the surface of Loeffler's

Medium. A microscopical examination is made of a few of these colonies to determine whether it was derived from a genuine case of diphtheria. When a culture has been found which shows that the genuine Loeffler diphtheria germs are present, several colonies are picked up on the point of a sterilized platinum needle, each planted separately on the surface of fresh blood serum, inclosed in tubes and allowed to develop in the incubator. After growth has taken place, the contents of the tubes are examined with the



Siphoning the Serum from the Blood Tubes and Preparing Culture Media

blood serum, which is contained in a test tube and is mainly coagulated transparent serum of freshly drawn blood from the animal. This tube is then closed with a cotton plug as soon as possible to prevent the entrance of any dust or germs, and is next put into the incubator, where it will be kept at the body temperature. After a few hours, small pin-point colonies or offspring of the germ will appear on the surface of the blood serum, or as it is called, Culture

microscope, and some of them are found to contain only diphtheria germs. This is the simplest and easiest method of obtaining a pure culture.

We now have seed for the production of our toxins, or poisons, but we must determine by physiological experiments upon guinea pigs whether or not it is sufficiently virulent to produce a strong poison. If small amounts of the pure culture be rapidly fatal to animals when injected subcutaneously, it can be used at

once; otherwise, we must increase its strength by the repeated injections into animals until it has gained the required virulence. Flasks of sterilized beef bouillon are now planted with these more powerful germs. These flasks are placed in the incubator to allow the germs to multiply and produce their poison, which, in the case of diphtheria, readily passes into solution in the beef-tea. The toxicity of the fluid increases for about one week, when the culture is removed from the incubator and examined with the microscope to make sure that no contamination has occurred. If the culture be still pure, only Loeffler's germs being present, a small amount of preservative is added. The liquid is then filtered through sterilized, unglazed porcelain, which takes out all germs and suspended particles, leaving a sparkling, transparent, straw-colored fluid, containing the specific poison of diphtheria in solution. This solution is commonly called a toxin. After obtaining this diphtheria toxin we must determine its minimum lethal dose, which is fatal, within a definite length of time, by injecting variable small amounts into susceptible animals. Guinea pigs are most frequently employed. The toxins vary greatly in strength even when they are grown under identically the same conditions. Serviceable diphtheria toxin may require from five to one hundred milligrams to kill a medium sized guinea pig in from twenty-four to forty-eight hours. The tetanus toxin may be so strong though that one milligram will kill a full-grown guinea pig within a few days. Up to this point we have been able to control conditions for the production of toxins without recourse to nature's methods of growing them in the animal body. We must now let the remainder of the process be wrought unseen, as no one has yet been able to produce Antitoxin satisfactorily except in the animal body. Of all the animals thus far utilized for this purpose, the horse is pre-eminently the best, as he is tractable, easily kept, and has a large available amount of blood, from which the antitoxic bearing serum may be obtained after he is immunized. The horses must be selected with the greatest care by an experienced veterinarian, and kept under observation several days, noting variations in temperature,

weight, etc., examining especially for glanders and tuberculosis. After the animal has been approved, small initial and gradually increasing injections of the toxin are given hypodermically, sometimes subcutaneously, and oftentimes in the veins. The injections are made on an average of about one a week. It will not do to inject too often or give too large doses of the poison at one time, as diphtheria paralysis may occur and prove rapidly fatal. The doses of the poison can be more quickly increased in horses, which show no marked reaction than in those more sensitive, and they are thus more suitable for the quick production of Antitoxin. The animal body, when subjected to bacterial poisons, has a tendency to develop that which will combat the noxious principle.

When the injections have been continued for several months, the horse, if he has stood the treatment well, will be getting several hundred times as much poison as would have proved fatal at the commencement, while the constitutional symptoms will be much less marked than at first. Usually the temperature rises from one to three degrees Fahrenheit, within a few hours after the poison is given, falling to normal in about three days, showing a secondary rise within the next twenty-four hours, and soon again becoming normal when the injection may be repeated. When the animal is able to stand these large quantities of the poison, we know that his blood must contain a considerable amount of the protecting substance. In order to determine the exact amount of Antitoxin present, test quantities of blood are drawn from the jugular vein into large sterilized tubes, which are placed in ice chests until the clot contracts, and squeezes out the clear straw-colored serum, which is drawn off with a sterilized siphon into sterilized containers, and a preservative added, usually some of the phenol group, such as trikresol, etc., and then passed through sterilized filters. Finally the serum is tested for its curative, or antitoxic power, by injecting small amounts of the diphtheria poison mixed with varying quantities of the curative serum, into medium sized guinea pigs. When the minimum quantity of serum is found which will protect these animals



A View in the Bacteriological Laboratory

from the effects of ten times the lethal dose of poison, we have data from which we can compute the therapeutic value of the product. The completed and tested antitoxic serum is then placed in sterilized containers, each holding one dose, which varies from two hundred and fifty units for immunizing purposes to fifteen hundred or two thousand units' strength for the severe case of diphtheria. The serum varies so much in antitoxic strength that it has been found best to put up in a single vial the proper number of units for a dose irrespective of the amount of the fluid. If the Antitoxin, from the first drawing of blood from the horse, proves satisfactory, several liters of the blood are drawn about once per month and the serum prepared and examined in exactly the same manner as already described. The horses continue to be used, some of them for years, the operator, at regular intervals, injecting the poison and drawing off the serum as de-

scribed. Only about fifty per cent. of the horses approved by the preliminary examination will stand the injection of diphtheria toxin, while those which endure the treatment thrive very well, many of them gaining in weight and general appearance.

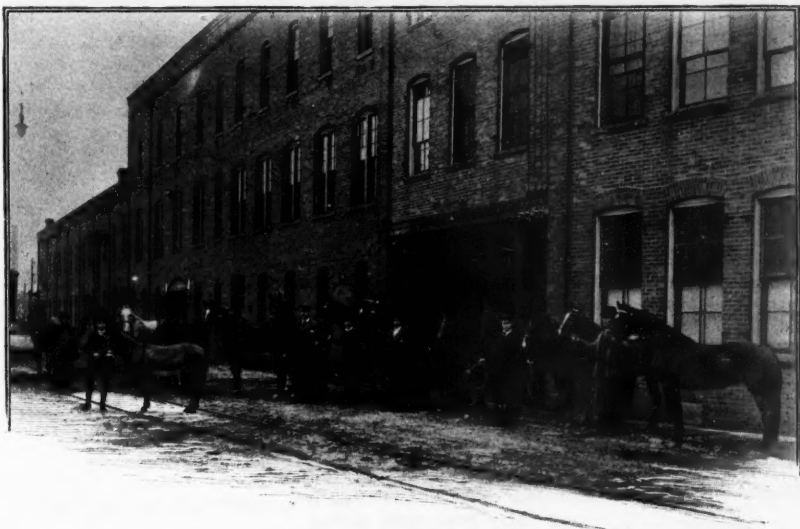
It must be remembered that it is not the serum, but the antitoxin contained in solution that is curative in diphtheria. When, a few years ago, the remedy was first employed, the same potencies, and even less than now used, were held in solution in about one-half ounce of serum; and it certainly was a heroic procedure to inject this amount of serum into a frail, suffering infant. Experiment and careful observation along this line have little by little diminished the amount of fluid, still retaining the full number of units of strength, until now a single curative dose is put up in bulbs of from one to five Cc. capacity; and the latest improved containers are the hermetically



Filling the Bulbs with Antitoxin under Aseptic Conditions

sealed, amber-tinted glass bulbs, which preserve the most thorough asepsis. To the observing mind, noting the improvements and advancements made in every process, and especially the small amount of fluid now necessary to contain the required strength, the thought arises: Would it be risking too much to make the prediction that the near future will unfold startling revelations, and, it may be, soon have an Antitoxin Therapy instead of a Serum Therapy? Bacteriologists alone will work out this and similar problems.

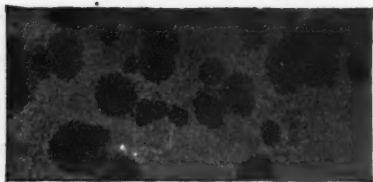
and formulate. When the fact is borne in upon us that fully two-thirds of mankind die from infectious diseases, like diphtheria, consumption, etc., the result of these ever present insidious germs, and when we know that we can see, control and utilize these tiny bodies at our will, we stand in mute amazement, hesitate to lift the future's veil, and fear to make prediction. Already the work has been marvellous in discovery in this once unknown realm, and the avenues forming new vistas are bright with promise and forecast.



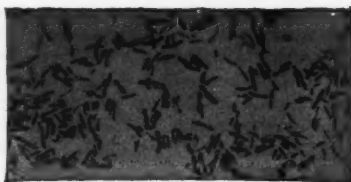
A Group of Antitoxin Producing Horses

For these scientific investigators, these patient watchers and seekers in the realm of Bacteria, in this world of the infinitely little, the long night, at first only occasionally mixed with the grey of the approaching dawn, has been spent; and the day with its light and promise has broken. The beneficent results crowning their work in the past are even now to their memory a monument more enduring than a kingly crown and more priceless than gold or jewels. What the future holds for these other faithful toilers in the field of biological research, the most prophetic eye and mind fail to see

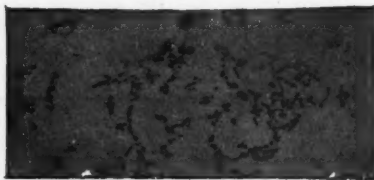
What the limit of research will be, where its confines lie, or what the future holds in store, is as yet wrapped in mystery. No man dare risk a prophecy. An experiment here, a theory there, a new established fact yonder, patient toil, and careful thought will in the future, as in the past, be rewarded with new insight into nature's great storehouse, and diseases, formerly beyond our ken and control, may be understood and conquered. The past is full of results; the present toiler with his microscope is revealing daily new facts and truths; and the future is indeed promising. By experiment



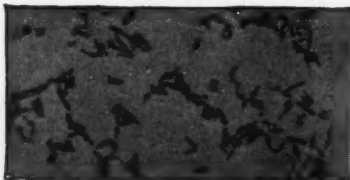
Pseudo-diphtheria Colony, One Hundred and Twenty-four times the Natural Size



Diphtheria Bacilli, One Thousand Times the Natural Size



Characteristic Bacilli, One Thousand Times the Natural Size



and experience we are constantly learning newer methods. We now first seek the cause of the malady, investigate the germ and its noxious principles as in diphtheria, study the etiology of the disease, and find the agents with which the body combats the disease powers. Then and then only are we in a position to intelligently seek for and apply remedies.

With this method, surely medical science is coming into a new light, and, as it were, being born again. If need were it could be easily shown that the results obtained with the antitoxic treatment of diphtheria are brilliant in the extreme, surpassing the most sanguine expectations of hopeful discoveries and ardent advocates.

LIFE'S LITTLE DAY

When rosy dawn was trailing
Her robes o'er hill and lea,
A fairy boat came sailing
Out from the unknown sea;
Aboard were tears and wailing,
Around was jollity.

The boat went idly drifting
Across life's harbor gay,
Joy, out from sorrow, sifting;
And meeting, on the way,
Grim fears, and hopes uplifting,
Laughter and tears alway.

When dusky night came tralling
Her black robes o'er the lea,
A battered boat went sailing
Into the Unknown Sea;
Behind were tears and wailing
Aboard, tranquillity.

David Milton Riley.



The Pool of Siloam
From a Photograph

CHRIST AND HIS TIME*

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

END OF THE JUDÆAN, BEGINNING OF THE GALILEAN MINISTRY

The Cure of the Nobleman's Son—Jesus at the "Unknown Feast"—John Imprisoned—
Jesus' Rejection and Escape at Nazareth—The First Call to Permanent
Discipleship—Jesus Takes up His Abode in Capernaum.



HE return of the disciples to their homes along the sea, excited little, if any attention, but it was doubtless through them that a certain nobleman of Capernaum, heard that Jesus was up at Cana. The nobleman was an officer of Herod Antipas—generally believed to have been Chusa, Herod's steward. His son was critically ill. The anxious father

had done everything possible to save the precious life, but all was vain. The boy was dying. The father had heard of Jesus of Nazareth, of the cures and miracles He wrought in Jerusalem at the last Passover, and the thought of seeking aid of the great Teacher had occurred to him many times. But to Jerusalem and back was a week's hard journey, and his son was dying. But now he learned that Jesus had returned and was then at Cana, only twenty-five miles

* Christ and His Time was begun in November, 1896.

away. It was a last hope and in sheer desperation the nobleman started immediately for Cana to see Jesus.

It was evening when he came into Cana. He found Jesus at once, told Him his trouble, and begged Him to come down to Capernaum and heal his son. The simple request showed great faith in Jesus, but it also showed the nobleman's very narrow notion of Jesus' real character.

He thought it necessary for Jesus to go to Capernaum, to the boy's bedside, in order to cure him. He took Jesus to be only an extraordinary Jewish miracle-monger, a mere healer at the beck and call of every one who could pay Him for His trouble. It is to broaden and enlighten this man, to teach him who this Healer is, and what faith in Him really means, that Jesus meets the nobleman's request with rebuke. It is not the request for the healing which Jesus rebukes, but the request for Him to make the journey to Capernaum.

Jesus says to the man: "You are one of the kind that must see signs and wonders, that must see this miracle done with your own eyes, before you will believe. It has not occurred to you that I have power to heal your son twenty-five miles away."

It had not. It was a new thought to the man. A new idea of the Jesus began to dawn upon the nobleman, the idea that this Jesus might be more than a mere healer, that He might even be the Messiah. Was He? Only the Messiah would so calmly take to Himself such power as Jesus just claimed. If this was the Messiah, it would require only the cure of his son from this distance to convince the nobleman. Nay, it would not require even that, for, as he looks upon the face of the Christ, his faith overleaps his sight, he takes Jesus at His word, and departs, believing his son is restored.

He slept that night in Cana, free from anxiety and dread, and with the morning started joyfully homeward. When nearing Capernaum, the servants of his house came out to meet him, bringing the glad news of the cure, which he, in his heart, was already assured of. To his inquiry, the servants said it was in the early evening of the day before that the child began to mend, and the father knew that

it was the very hour when his faith in Jesus, made it possible for the Saviour to say: "Thy son liveth."

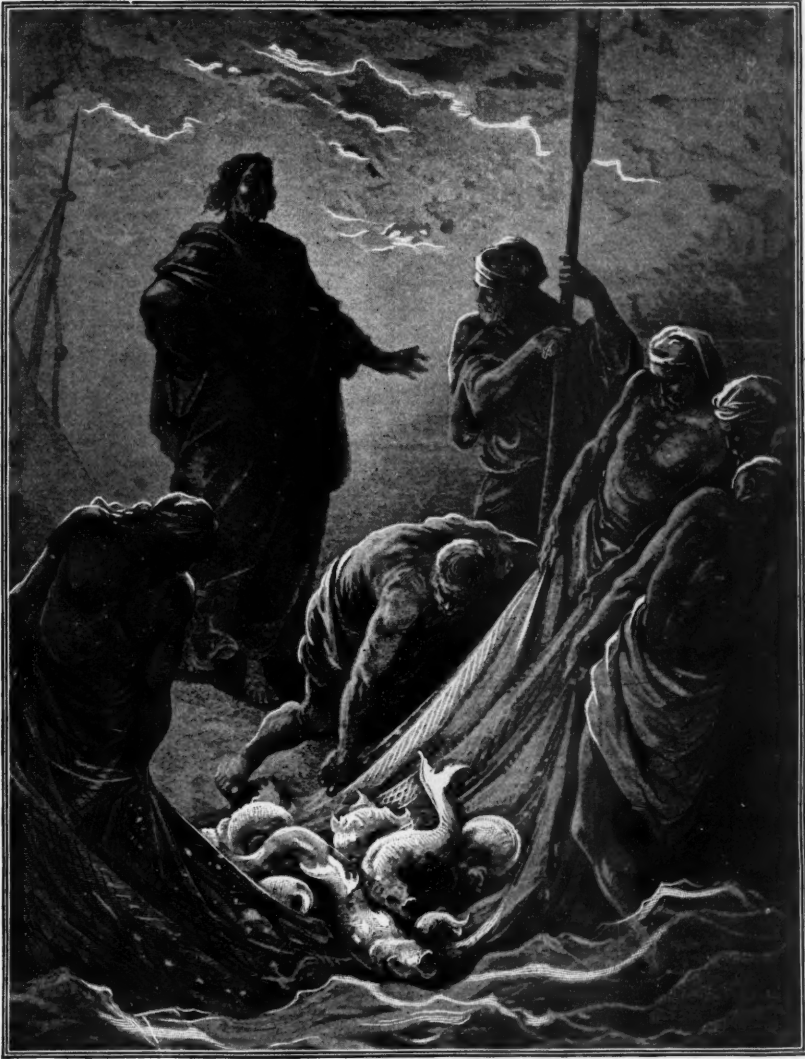
It was enough. Not the son only of that household was saved. The parents, and the whole house believed now, not only in the power of Jesus, but in His word, and in Jesus Himself, with a perfect faith which saved to a spiritual and eternal life.

JESUS AT THE "UNKNOWN FEAST."

All this happened soon after Jesus returned to Galilee—in December, 27 A.D. The next four months Jesus spent in retirement, probably at Cana, neither teaching nor healing, and with none of His disciples about Him. Throughout this period John the Baptist continued to push his reformatory work, but instead of winning favor, he was, the while, rousing more and fiercer opposition.

"After this," says the Evangelist John (after Jesus' four months' seclusion in Galilee), "there was a feast of the Jews, and Jesus went up to Jerusalem." This feast is popularly called the "unknown feast," for the reason suggested in the name. Of the great yearly feasts,—Purim, Pentecost, Passover, Tabernacles, Day of Atonement, Feast of Trumpets and Feast of Word-gathering—each has some advocates as being the unknown feast. It is an important datum, as it fixes the order of the events we have just considered and the time of much that follows. For reasons too many to mention here, we believe it to have been the feast of Passover, which occurred in early April, 28 A.D.

Jesus went up to this feast alone. He was soon to call His disciples into active work, but He did not need them yet. Once more He enters the Holy City; once more He stands within the sacred walls of His Father's House. But now, as never before, the worldly pomp, the stifling ceremonialism, the glittering unreality to which the worship of His Father had degenerated, oppressed and smothered Him. He could not worship the Father with these cumbersome, choking forms. And these priests of the Temple, these teachers of Israel, who twisted and divided and hedged the Law, who looked for salvation in the trifling and ingenious niceties of their endless and hair-



"When lo! The Lead-line had hardly Fallen ere such a School of Fish struck the Net that it began to Break"
From a Painting by Gustav Dore

splitting discussions, what did *they* know of the real worship of the Father? and what could they understand of the truth and mission of His Son? This was still His Father's House, but His Father's

business was no longer here, and out of the Temple Jesus went; out of the heavy, incense-air, into the Sabbath sunshine of the streets; out from among the long-robed, praying priests, into that quarter

of the city where were the suffering and poor. Toward the Sheep-Gate He went, till He came to the pool of Bethesda.

What a sight was here! Here was His Father's business. Within the five porches which enclosed the pool lay a multitude of sick people, desperately intent on watching the water. They were afflicted with many diseases—an ignorant, suffering crowd, gathered here, because at a certain time the "waters were troubled," and an old and popular superstition said an angel caused the troubling and that only the first sufferer

superstition was so general that it crept into the text of John's gospel. The Revised Version rightly omits the interpolation.

It was a painful scene of misery and degradation—the misery of body and soul. Hundreds of diseased, lame and blind, suffering and waiting; filling the air with their piteous moans! And this was the day of the holy Sabbath? Was there rest or peace in one of those bent and wasted bodies? This was the day God had set aside for hallowed and beneficent works? Here were the weary and suffering under the very shadow of God's holy Temple—so close that their cries for help, might almost have been heard by the chanting priests within the Temple's walls. But did rest and help come to them? No! for the priests were busy making new definitions and circumventions for the Sabbath law.

Here by the pool Jesus saw the appalling picture of Israel's need in body and soul; yonder in the Temple He saw the no less appalling picture of Israel's self-seeking, her mistaken, narrow and utterly lifeless literalism.

None of the sufferers noticed Jesus' presence among them. All were intent on watching for the troubling of the water. Jesus threaded His way among the prostrate crowd, until His eye rested upon the most sorely afflicted of them all. He was an old man, friendless and helpless. For thirty-and-eight years he had lain there trying to get into the water, and ever seeing some one step in before him. He was a wretched object, suffering the terrible consequences of his own sin; but he was just the case to wake the most of pity in the Saviour's heart; and beside he was just the one to best illustrate a lesson which Jesus had determined that day to teach Israel.

"Wouldest thou be made whole?" asks Jesus, looking down at the old man. The miserable creature had ceased to hope. He lay waiting there because he could do nothing else. The question only made him the more conscious of his condition and started him upon the tale of his woe. Jesus cut him short with a command that thrilled every withered fiber of his body with a new life: "Arise, take up thy bed and walk." And he arose, not by faith, but by the spoken power of Almighty



"Every eye was upon Him in the Synagogue"
From a Painting by Alexander Bida

to get into the water then, would be healed.

This was a mineral spring with some medicinal properties, but it was also a common intermittent spring, and its "troubling," instead of being due to angelic visitations, was simply the bubbling up or boiling due to physical causes. But even the more enlightened of that day were grossly ignorant of all natural phenomena, and attributed everything of this nature to supernatural agencies. This



From a Painting by H. Hoffmann
"Stepping into Simon Peter's boat, Jesus Requested him to push off a little way from the Shore, and from this as a Pulpit the Master spoke to the People on the Shore"

God. He took up his bed, but before he realized it all, Jesus had quietly withdrawn and disappeared.

Forth from that porch of superstition and pain, went the healed man, feeling for the first time in thirty-eight years, the meaning of Sabbath rest. Through the streets he went, carrying his bed, unconscious of its being a burden; forgetful that the law called it a burden, and made it a crime to carry it on the Sabbath. But jealous eyes were upon him. The Jews saw him carrying his miserable little pallet through the streets, and he was soon surrounded by an angry, accusing mob. They recognized him immediately as the life-long paralytic at Bethesda; they wondered at his cure; but they were angered at his breaking the law; and what they demanded of him was not, who healed him, but who had dared command him to carry his bed and desecrate the holy Sabbath?

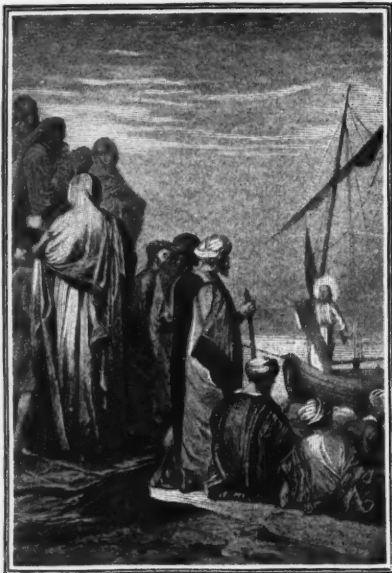
The Sabbath law was the great fundamental of Phariseism. It is almost incredible that men could ever seriously busy themselves to the preposterous extent of making a Talmudic Sabbath law. These tractates of the Rabbis on the Sabbath law are the most intolerably wearisome, complicated, incongruous, exaggerated codes of small morality and artificial religion, the ingenious mind of man has yet devised. The Sabbath law, ordained for a boon and a blessing to men, they had elaborated into a grievous number of chafing minutiae, making it a bane and a burden. They had totally lost the inward life and spiritual meaning of religion, and had exaggerated the importance of its outward forms, till this great law was degraded into a "national fetish."

So the healing of this impotent man was a gross infringement of the Law—no, not of *the* Law but of *their* law—it was no less than heresy. So through all time since, and so to-day, the cry of heresy we hear from pulpit and press, is but the cry of the narrow, bigoted literalist against the quashing of his shallow, pedantic interpretations of religious truth. Jesus, Himself, was the greatest heretic, the most unorthodox, of all that long line of brave, broad, truth-loving, truth-bearing class.

The healed man did not know who had

cured him, and could not tell the Jews. But later on, Jesus met him in the Temple, and there made Himself known to him, opening his eyes to the spiritual meaning of the miracle, and thus, as he so often does, reached and healed the man's soul through his body.

The man now told the Jews that it was Jesus who had healed him, and the Rabbis summoned the Healer before their council to warn Him against further action of this kind. This was the opportunity Jesus sought. Now He would teach *them* the meaning of the miracle. Majestic and calm in the consciousness of



"A Multitude Was Collected on the Beach"
From a Painting by Alexander Bida

His relation to the Father, He confronts His enemies and tells them the meaning of the Sabbath, and reveals to them, plainly and fearlessly, for the first time, His Messianic character, His true relation to God.

Such words enraged them as no other words could. Blasphemy most flagrant! Death to the impostor! Then and there they vowed that He should die at their hands; but they dared not touch Him yet. His very presence overawed and re-

strained them, and they suffered Him to depart. Leaving Jerusalem the rejected Messiah took His way back to Galilee, and with this closed the first year or the Judean period of Christ's ministry.

JOHN IMPRISONED

This was April, A.D. 28, the end of the first year of the ministry. It had been little more than a year of waiting. Scarcely any active work had been done, and nothing permanent accomplished. Through their ecclesiastical rulers, Jesus had declared to the Jewish people, in word and deed, that He was their Promised Messiah, but the nation, as a nation, had refused to believe. Both Jesus and John had sought to bring the nation to accept its Messiah, through the gate of repentance and baptism, but as a nation the Jews rejected Him and had now openly condemned Him to death. More than this, they had brought down the wrath of Herod Antipas upon John, and that great prophet was now imprisoned in the fortress at Machærus.

This, then, was the situation: John was in prison and could no longer bear witness of Jesus; the nation, through its religious leaders, the priests and Levites, had utterly refused to accept Jesus as Messiah, and had determined to kill Him; rejected by the Jews, Jesus must now reject them; their old Covenant relations must cease; their Mosaic institutions disappear; their priesthood and Temple be destroyed; and upon a new Covenant be built a new Temple—the Universal Christian Church.

It was with this program in mind that Jesus returned to Galilee after the "unknown feast." We believe it was just before this feast that John was imprisoned, and, perhaps it was during the feast that Jesus heard of it. John's preaching had been wholly reformatory, but now he could no longer call the people to repent and to preserve their old institutions; and nothing remained for Jesus to do, but to start again, as it were, His Messianic work upon the basis of a new Covenant, to establish new and universal institutions, to found a new kingdom—the Kingdom of God.

Here, now, is distinctively the end of the old Covenant and the beginning of the new, the plain break between Moses and Christ. It is at this turning point

that the first three gospels take up Christ's work; passing over the Judean ministry because it failed completely and contributed nothing to the founding of the New Kingdom. Thus Jesus, the Promised Messiah, came to His own, but His own received Him not. Now He will return to Galilee, gather about Him a band of disciples to instruct and train for future work, and there begin to lay the foundation of that eternal and universal Kingdom of God. "The stone which the builders rejected has become the Head of the Corner."

It was back to His own Galilee, back to the despised lands of Zebulun and Naphthali, that Jesus now went; and Isaiah's prophecy began to be fulfilled:—

"Galilee of the Gentiles
The people which sat in darkness
Saw a great light.

And to them which sat in the region and
shadow of death,
To them did light spring up."

JESUS' REJECTION AND ESCAPE AT NAZARETH.

The road to Galilee, over which we have already travelled with Jesus, ran by Shilo, through Samaria, by way of Nazareth to the Sea of Galilee. It was Friday when Jesus reached Nazareth, and as His married sisters lived here, He determined to stop with one of them, and spend another Sabbath in His native village. (Luke IV.: 16).

His arrival was quickly heralded about the town and on the morrow the little synagogue was crowded with His townsmen, curious and expectant. They knew all about His miracles; they had just heard what the Rabbis at Jerusalem had done to Him; and now they were anxious to test Him, whether He could do at home among them, what He had done at Capernaum and other places.

Every eye was upon Him in the synagogue, for of course He was called upon to take part in the service. The synagogue is an interesting feature in Jewish life and history and a most potent factor in the history of Christianity, but we can make only this meagre sketch of the synagogue and its services here, leaving you to complete this picture with more extended study. If possible, the synagogue

was built upon the highest point of land in the town and was so placed that its congregation always worshipped with their faces toward Jerusalem. The men and women worshipped at the same time but were separated from each other by a gallery or screen.

There was no regular clergy for the synagogues—the priests and Levites had to do only with the Temple—but it was cared for and its services performed by the elders of the town, one of whom was chief. The chief elder selected from Sabbath to Sabbath those who were to read from the Law and Prophets and conduct the prayers, and one who should act as “minister to the congregation and deliver the sermon.”

The order of services was as follows:—

First, two short prayers were said by the leader, followed by the *Shema* or Creed, and another prayer. Then standing before the ark, in front of the congregation, he would repeat six short benedictions interspersed with impromptu

prayers, as occasion might call forth, with the priestly benediction preceding the last of the six. This liturgical part over, there followed the reading of the Law and Prophets; then the sermon—if some great Rabbi or distinguished stranger, who was capable of delivering a sermon happened to be in the town—and the service closed with questions and discussions among the congregation.

Before entering the synagogue the chief ruler had requested Jesus to read the service that day and address them. This was a high honor and it was usual to hesitate, with mock-modesty, before accepting it, but Jesus showed none of this. There was never a shadow of unreality about Him. He was all intent on His Father's business and He took this opportunity with the utter self-forgetfulness of His intense soul. He ascended the *Bima*, or platform, and performed the service as they had never heard it done by scribe or priest. How the familiar prayers, the oft-repeated benedictions, glowed with



"He came to the Pool of Bethesda"
From a Photograph

new truth and beauty as His fervent spirit crowded into them, struggling for utterance!

The lessons from the Law were read, and now, from the ark, the Book of the Prophets was handed Him. He unrolled the parchment scroll, until the sixty-first chapter of Isaiah fell beneath His eyes. It may have been the regular lesson of the day, or it may have been the inspiration of the hour—"the spirit of the Lord"—which led Him to this striking and beautiful passage for the text of His first Messianic sermon. This scripture had always been interpreted Messianically, and so it was particularly fitting to Jesus and His sermon. He read only the first and a part of the second verse, then handed the roll back and sat down (as the custom was) to deliver His discourse.

There was a stir of suppressed expectancy in the congregation, which lapsed into breathless silence as He began to speak. Now their intense interest passes into eager hunger. Spell-bound they listen. Words so strange and sweet, so beautiful, so hopeful, so masterful, they had never heard. The voice, the face, the thoughts are matchless and overpowering. They drink in the good news of hope and promise as it flows from the soul of the preacher. He pictured for them the year of God's Jubilee, and the Messiah at hand, and all His attendant blessings; then catching the glowing rays of His gracious message as sunlight is gathered into a crystal lens, He focuses them all upon Himself in this burning conclusion: "To-day hath this Scripture been fulfilled in your ears," and there, Isaiah's Promised Messiah, stood revealed.

The congregation had been charmed into unconsciousness; the listeners had been swayed and mastered and carried beyond themselves, and that, by one of their former neighbors and fellow-townsmen—Jesus, the carpenter, Son of Joseph! The hush of the sermon was quickly broken by the usual hum of after-comment. Jesus waited on the platform to answer any question they might ask, hoping some one had been led beyond the common contempt of familiarity to see the real personality of their former townsman. But no prophet is acceptable in his own country; no one saw the Messiah in Jesus. They only marvelled that

Joseph's Son, illiterate and lowly—one of themselves—should speak with such power and authority. They caught nothing of His Divinity; they understood nothing of the sermon's spiritual teaching. His sayings were marvellous, and these they heard; but now let Him work some of His marvels that they might see.

Jesus knew what was in their hearts and forestalled their vulgar, shallow curiosity with a stern and bitter reproof that turned their already jealous wonderment into the most violent rage. It was enough that He should presume to teach them; but to dare rebuke them as less worthy of favor than lepers and Gentiles, lashed them into fury. Away with Him! and they rushed upon Him, dragged Him from the little synagogue, and up through the stony streets to the cliffs, to fling Him headlong to death.

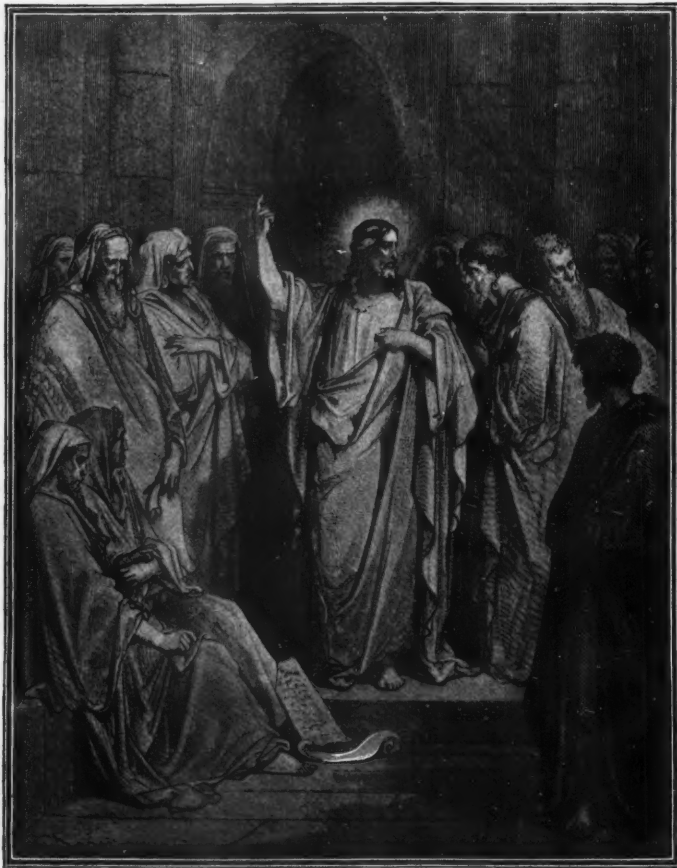
In deepest sorrow Jesus submitted to their brutal passion; scarcely realizing their purpose till the overhanging cliffs were reached. So far they might go. No farther! Turning suddenly upon them with that look which had dismayed the nation's rulers in the Temple, He checked their mad rush. They calmed instantly, and cowering fell apart, while He passed through their midst unharmed and unhindered.

THE FIRST CALL TO PERMANENT DISCIPLESHIP.

Powerless to help them because of their unbelief, and sad with pity, Jesus left the mob of His aforesaid friends and neighbors, standing awestruck upon the cliffs. From these hills He had loved, from these people of His own village, among whom He could never hope for honor and acceptance, He must depart. He set His face toward Capernaum. Perhaps He turned to look back at Nazareth, as the road mounted some height along the ridge, and heavy though His heart was with the shameful cruelty He had just received at the hands of the Nazarenes.

He had already forgiven them, and in His infinite tenderness, it may have been then, that He resolved to make one more visit to Nazareth, in hope of bringing them the light. (This last visit is recorded in Mark VI.: 16).

It seems to have been some days before Jesus reached Capernaum, though



"He Reveals to them, Plainly and Fearlessly, for the first time, His Messianic Character, His true Relation to God"

From a Painting by Gustav Dore

that city was only a day's journey from Nazareth. He probably taught in Cana, and wherever opportunity offered, as he went along, stopping especially in those little villages that grew more and more numerous as He drew nearer the fertile plain of Genesareth and the Sea, and when he finally entered Capernaum it was with a large following of these villagers, anxious to hear Him when he stopped again to teach.

It was morning along the glorious sea, new and beautiful, after a night of storm. The slanting sunlight, pouring over the

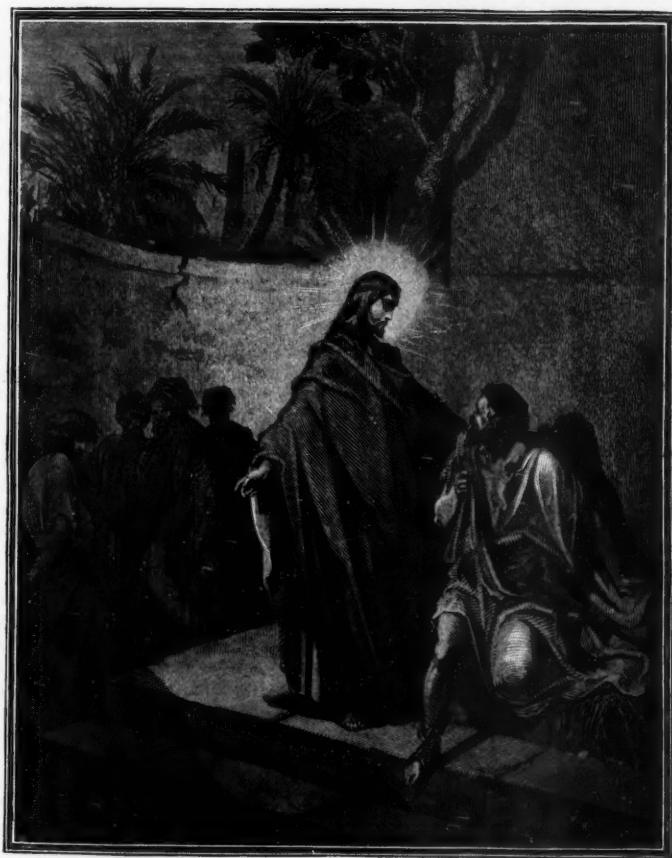
purple waters soothed them into dreamy calm until they slept. Jesus passed along the pearl-paved beach, by fishermen and their boats, until He stood in front of four young fishermen whom He recognized. Their boats were drawn upon the beach, and they were busy casting their nets into the water, washing them after the night's fishing. It had been a night of fruitless toil. A severe storm had driven the fish into deep water, their boats were almost unmanageable, and they had caught nothing.

We, too, recognize these four young

men. They are the four who accompanied Jesus from Bethabara after His temptation—Simon and Andrew, John and James. It was four months back, a December, that the little band of followers left Jesus at Cana and returned to their fishing. Up to that time, they had been but private men, mere friends, following Jesus without thought of making His work the serious and sole business of their lives. But now Jesus has come to call them to permanent discipleship, to leave forever their boats and nets, to forsake all and follow Him. We shall never lose sight of these four young men from this bright morning through all the dark days that follow.

Bending over their work, they hardly noticed the stranger, until the gathering crowd began to press upon them. They were not aware, before, that Jesus was in Capernaum. There was only a moment of greeting between them, for almost a multitude was collecting on the beach, crowding Jesus to the water's edge in eagerness to see and hear Him.

Stepping into Simon Peter's boat Jesus requested him to push off a little way from the shore, and from this as a pulpit the Master spake to the people on the shore. It was the good news of the Gospel; the love of the Father; the glories of the Kingdom; their needs; their new hopes; their sure promises; that He



"'Wouldst thou be made whole?' asks Jesus, Looking down at the Old Man"

preached to them. Sweet and soft as the lisp of the waves along the shore fell His words upon them, and His promises filled all their hearts with hope, more beautiful than the morning light overflowing their valley where the night had been.

Peter and Andrew the while, sat in the boat with Jesus, strangely stirred by the lofty teaching. Jesus marked the effect upon Peter, and knew the moment had come when He could call these fishermen from their nets to Himself. They had toiled all night in the sea and caught nothing, but here upon the shore was a throng hungry for hope and truth, and now they would understand the meaning of His call to become fishers of men.

Closing His discourse Jesus told Peter to launch out into the deeper water and let down his net. But this the two brothers had been doing the long night through without a fish for their labor, and they were weary and discouraged. But Jesus knew it. Peter need not have hesitated nor explained before obeying. However, he let down the net, playing it out with little hope, when, lo! the lead-line had hardly fallen, ere such a school of fish struck the net that it began to break. John and James rode hastily up to assist and both boats were loaded till the water poured over the gunnels.

For the time, the excitement of the haul prevailed over all else, then like a flash the wonder, the miracle of it, burst upon Peter. What did it mean? Who is this, who sees through the deep waters of the sea? The Messiah! and as He sees into the dark depths of the sea, so He sees into this unhallowed, unworthy heart of mine, and falling at the Master's knees he exclaims: "Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord." But pointing to the shore, still black with people, Jesus answers: "Fear not; from henceforth thou shalt catch men."

It was their first call to permanent discipleship, "and when they had brought the ship to land they forsook all and followed Him."

JESUS TAKES UP HIS ABODE IN CAPERNAUM.

We have already had a picture of Capernaum by the Sea of Galilee. Jesus, as we saw, chose Capernaum for the centre of His Galilean work because of its posi-

tion and relations. It was the industrial focus of Palestine, as well as the most beautiful bit of country within the limits of the land. Here the soil was fertilest; the waters most teeming with fish; population densest; and travel and trade most centred. Here were most men, and easiest of access, and here Jesus made His home.

Over the great caravan routes which intersected at Capernaum, Jesus could readily visit all parts of Galilee to the west; along the Jordan valley He could go north into Trachonitis; and by means of the sea He could cross into Decapolis and Peræa on the east and south. Thus Capernaum made an admirable station for the centre of His work in Galilee. The character of the Galilean ministry was very different from the ministry in Judæa. Jesus no longer called men to come to Him; He went to them. He now became an itinerant minister with regular circuits from Capernaum into all the surrounding country. He made a systematic visitation of the towns and villages, "preaching in the synagogues through all Galilee," as we saw Him in the synagogue at Nazareth. The circuits began at Capernaum, extended over days or months as the circuit was short or long, and ended, as they began, at Capernaum.

If, as we suppose, Mary was living now at Capernaum, it is probable that Jesus made His home with her; but many critics think He lived in the house of Peter or in a house owned by the brothers, Peter and Andrew. We can tell little from the statement: "The Son of Man hath not where to lay His head," for over against that stands the fact of His having to pay tribute money, which certainly proves Him to have been a legal resident of the city.

It was in the latter part of the week that Jesus called the four disciples to Him, and before dawn on the first day of the next week, He left Capernaum to begin His itinerant preaching in Galilee. But during the first brief sojourn in Capernaum, there was one Sabbath and Jesus preached in the synagogue. It was a great day of teaching and "good works," the account of which is very fully preserved by the Evangelists, as an illustration of the way the Master's days were spent.

(Continuation in July number.)



Halibut Fishermen Hauling the Trawl and Clubbing the Fish

SHIPPING PACIFIC COAST HALIBUT EAST

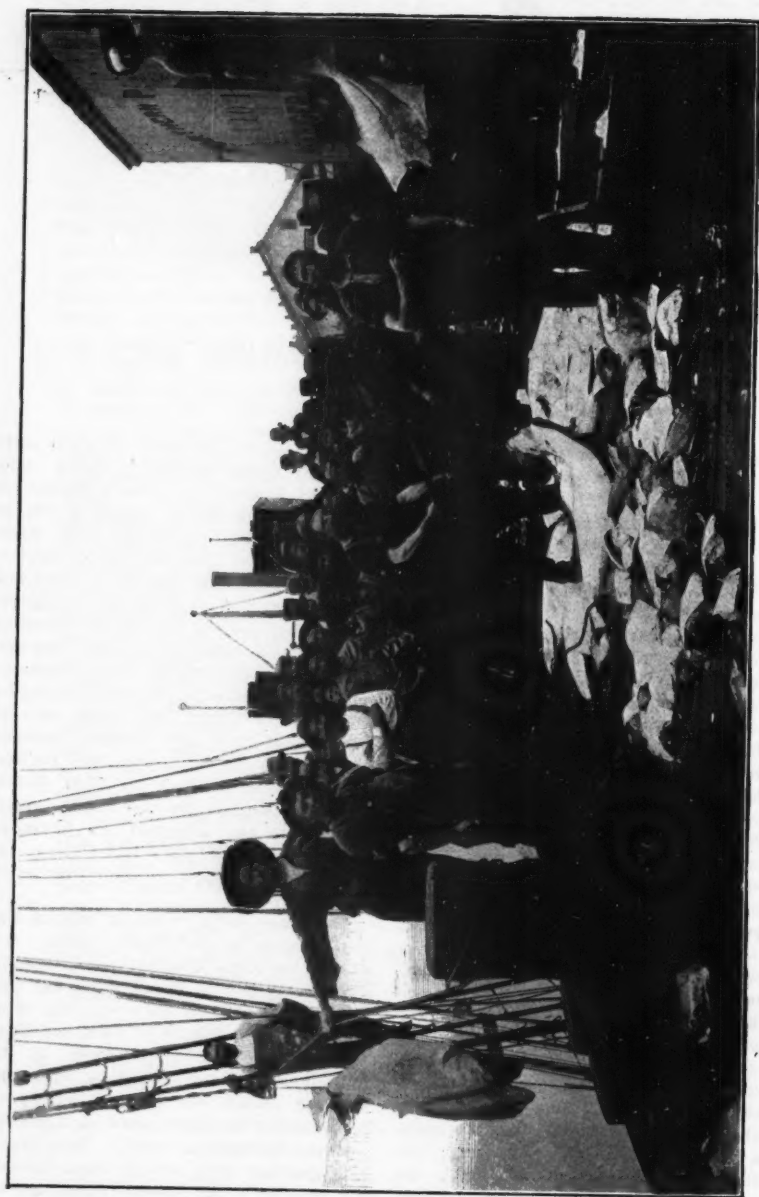
BY EDWARD H. MILLER

IT seems like shipping coals to Newcastle to ship fresh halibut from Puget Sound to New England, a distance of over three thousand miles, but nevertheless this trade has been started auspiciously and is now growing so rapidly that new fishing boats are being fitted out, and cars specially constructed for the transportation of fresh halibut to the Atlantic coast, are being built. Several years ago some enterprising fish dealers on Puget Sound, who were familiar with the eastern markets, came to the conclusion that Pacific coast halibut could be shipped to New York and Boston at a profit during the winter months when the catch of the Gloucester fleet was greatly diminished by the perils of deep-sea fishing on the Atlantic. Acting on this idea, a sample car load was shipped East with fairly satisfactory results.

The trade has grown steadily from that time and during last winter several dozen car loads of iced halibut were shipped from Tacoma and Vancouver, B. C., to Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Montreal and other eastern cities. Competition has resulted in improving the methods of packing and shortening the period of transit so that at the present time the finest halibut caught on the Pacific coast are shipped from the banks

to the Atlantic seaboard in eight days, two days being required to bring them from the banks to Tacoma, a distance of seven hundred miles, including the repacking and loading aboard cars. These processes have been thoroughly systemized and, as in the case of tea and silk, the greatest care is taken by transportation authorities that this important product of the Pacific shall be hurried eastward with all possible speed. Few passengers who travel eastward between September and April in library and palace cars are aware that they have several thousand fellow passengers frozen stiff between solidly packed ice in a car just behind them, but such is the case for the refrigerator cars are attached to passenger trains between Tacoma and Chicago, going thence forward to their destination by fast freight.

There are three principal halibut fishing grounds on the Pacific coast. The first is the Cape Flattery banks running out twenty-five to thirty miles off Cape Flattery, located on the south side of the entrance to the Straits of Fuca and Puget Sound. Here are caught most of the halibut used in the northwest during the summer season and shipped during the same period to points between the coast and the Mississippi River. More important grounds, from whence come the halibut shipped to the Atlantic coast, are the waters between Queen Charlotte and Gorge Islands, off the Skeena River and



Packing the First Shipment of Halibut from Tescma in September, 1888

two hundred miles north of Queen Charlotte Sound, located near the north end of Vancouver Island. The other fishing grounds are in the bays and inlets of Alaska where the Indians are the chief fishermen. In a general way the halibut banks extend along the coast from a point somewhat north of the Columbia River to Alaska.

The importance of these banks from a commercial standpoint results not only from the apparently inexhaustible quantity of the best quality of halibut obtainable, but also because of their freedom from great storms which form such a menace to the sturdy New England fishermen who catch halibut off the Grand Bank, the Georges and Iceland. The natural placidity of the Pacific thus inures to the benefit of the Puget Sound fishermen, and while most of the Gloucester fishermen remain at home during the destructive storms of winter, their brethren of the northwest are more busily engaged and are securing greater hauls than at any other time of the year. The greatest storms are experienced on the Flattery banks, but cause little trouble because these banks are seldom frequented during the winter. The loss of a life is wholly exceptional and old fishermen who have served many years on the Atlantic Coast aver that fishing on the Pacific is "like fishing in a mill pond" compared with their former experiences on the Grand Banks.

The fish shipped east are now being caught chiefly by steamers of one hundred to two hundred tons register. Their advantage over schooners is their larger size and the rapidity with which the fish can be brought to the railroad after the catch is made. Last year the Victoria Fishing & Trading Company had one steamer out, the Thistle, whose entire catch was shipped east from Tacoma. The New England Fish Company of Boston and New York, operating from Vancouver, B. C., had two steamers out, the Coquitlam and Capilina, each of about two hundred tons register. This year the New England Fish Company will have out these steamers and the Thistle, of one hundred and forty tons register, as well.

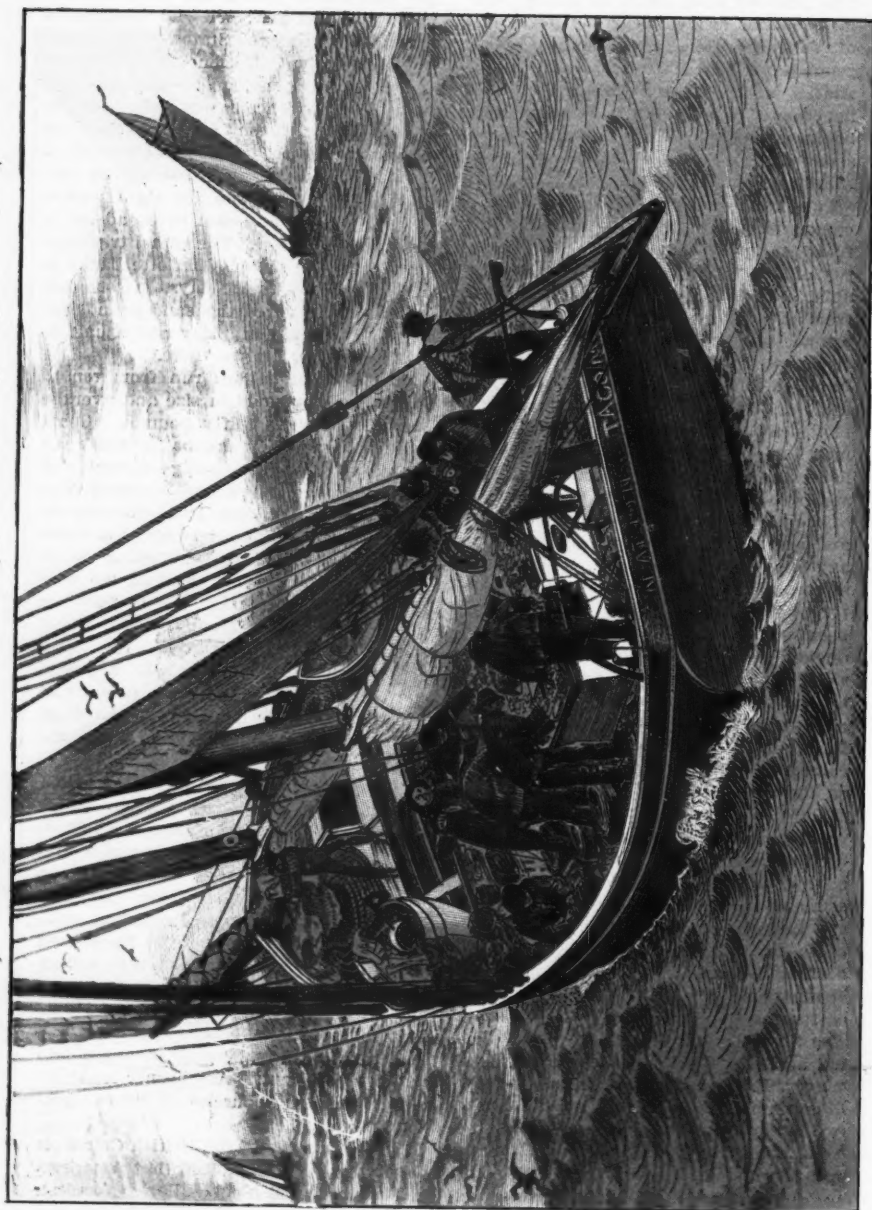
By operating American boats the company avoids the payment of one-half cent

per pound duty which the Victoria company paid last year on its shipments through the United States. The passenger steamer Edith, one of the pioneer steamers of Puget Sound, which has just been rebuilt at Tacoma for halibut catching, sailed for Queen Charlotte Island on her first trip late in September with a crew of twenty-six men, including sixteen fishermen to man the eight dories. Other steamers are soon to be added to the company's fleet. The round trip from Tacoma to the Queen Charlotte banks is made in ten to twelve days, a steamer load of one hundred thousand pounds being easily caught in a day and a half to two days after arrival there.

Pacific Coast halibut run from ten to two hundred pounds in size and average between forty and fifty pounds. Coast fishermen say they are better fish than the Atlantic halibut, being fatter and more plump though a little smaller. The fishermen who go out from Tacoma receive a straight price of twenty-five cents per fish, everything, including their board, being furnished. During the winter season they average \$80 to \$100 net per month each. They consider themselves more fortunate than the Vancouver steamer fishermen who are paid one and one-fourth cents per pound and who furnish their own outfits and food, nothing being furnished them but the steamer.

The schooners engaged in halibut catching number about a dozen from Puget Sound and three or four from the British side of the line. These schooners run from forty to fifty tons. They fish on the Cape Flattery and Queen Charlotte banks from February to December, making a round trip per month. Each boat fishes on its own responsibility, selling its product at Tacoma, Victoria or Seattle. Fishermen receive one and one-half to three cents per pound from the dealers and can make good money at two and one-half cents. A schooner load consists of fifteen thousand to thirty thousand pounds.

Last year some of the British Columbia papers raised the question that American fishermen should not be allowed to catch halibut off Queen Charlotte Island because of a law prohibiting foreigners from fishing within the three-mile limit.



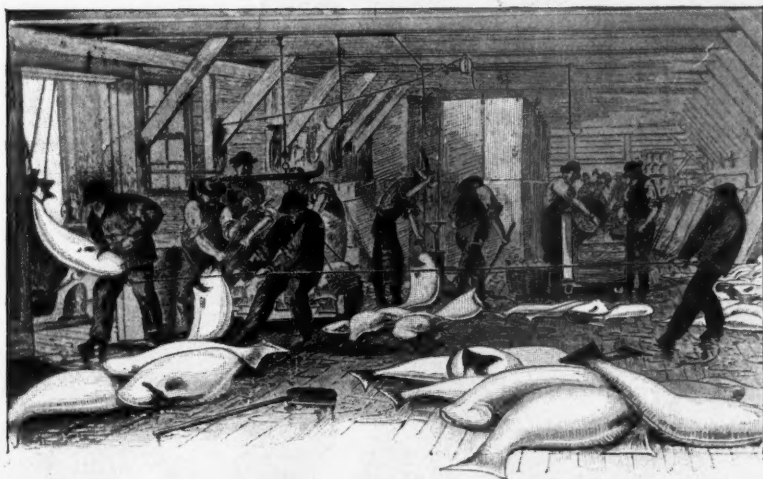
Cutting Bait and Baiting Trawls on a Halibut Schooner at anchor on the Fishing Grounds

This rule is readily obviated by fishing in the open sea twelve to twenty miles off the islands. Should American fishermen ever be obliged to keep out of British Columbia waters they would find plenty of fish on the Flattery banks and off the Alaskan coast. The halibut caught by Alaska Indians are shipped to Puget Sound on steamers from Juneau and Sitka for the local market.

Halibut retails on Puget Sound at ten to twelve cents a pound. Sometimes, when several schooners are in at one time, a whole fish can be bought for twenty-five to fifty cents. Shippers to the Atlantic Coast receive eight to eighteen

The fish are boxed as speedily as possible upon arrival and forwarded by the first trains out. They are packed solidly in ice. A heavy demand for fresh halibut has grown up in the mining camps of Montana, Idaho, Washington and British Columbia, giving promise that the trade will grow for years to come.

Methods of fishing on the Pacific Coast banks are practically the same as on the Atlantic. Each steamer carries eight to ten dories and the schooners from two to six, according to their size. The trawl-lines used are composed of several parts: the ground-line, which is anchored at each end and lies on the bottom; the "gang-



Packing Halibut at Tacoma for the Eastern Markets

cents a pound, out of which must be paid freight and commissions, according to the condition of the eastern market. Careful packing and quick transportation insures the arrival of the fish at New York and Boston in good condition in the great majority of cases.

Shipments of halibut by express in boxes containing fifty to two hundred pounds to points as far east as Buffalo, N. Y., and as far south as St. Louis and Salt Lake City, equal and perhaps exceed in quantity the car-load consignments to the Atlantic Coast. This branch of the business is growing very rapidly, being carried on chiefly at Tacoma and Seattle.

ings," which are about twenty-five feet long, have the hooks attached to one end of them, while the other end is bent into the "beckets" on the ground-line; the "beckets" are made of short pieces of manilla line and fastened to the ground-line. To mark the position of each end of the trawl when it is set a buoy-line extends from the anchor at the end of the ground-line to the buoy at the surface of the water. The ground-lines are commonly tarred cotton, weighing from twenty-eight to thirty-two pounds to the dozen. Each line is fifty-five fathoms long. They run seven lines to a skate and each dory usually carries five skates or



Dressing Halibut on the Deck of a Schooner for Icing in the Hold

thirty-five lines, making over two miles of line stretched by one dory on the fishing grounds and about seventeen miles when the eight dories are all at work.

A "skate" is a piece of canvas about fifteen to eighteen inches square when it is hemmed, with two small ropes nine or ten feet long crossed at right angles on the canvas and fastened at each corner and in the centre. The trawl is coiled up on this and tied up with the rope. The ganglins are attached to the ground-line eleven feet apart, number six halibut hooks being fastened to the other end. These are baited with salt herring, a whole herring to a hook. When the fishing grounds are reached the steamer drops anchor, while each dory crew unrolls its trawls and baits them. This done, the dories are put overboard and a few minutes later are spreading out from the steamer. The lines are cast at varying distances and where the fishing is good the lines form a great circle about the vessel. If the fish do not bite good on all sides, which seldom happens, the lines are stretched in parallel rows across the ground where the fish are found in greatest numbers.

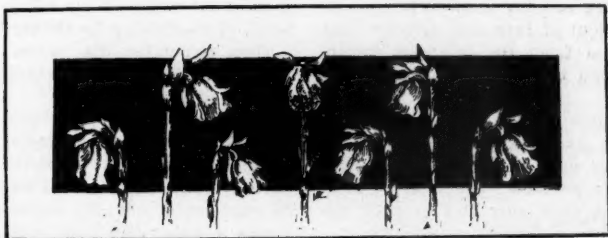
Fish are so plentiful on the virginal banks of the Pacific that half an hour is considered plenty of time to give the fish for biting. This marks the great difference between fishing on the two coasts. since the Atlantic fishermen leave their trawls out from two to fifteen or eighteen hours in fine weather, while in rough weather several days may elapse before an opportunity offers to haul them. The trawl is hauled in with a crank-winch. Hauling in a full trawl makes lively work, for the halibut frequently make a hard fight. When a fish of from one hundred to two hundred pounds is raised

from the bottom he usually starts off with great speed, making the dories spin around in his effort to escape. When he gets tired he is pulled up, hit two or three smart raps over the nose with the "killer" and is jerked into the boat.

As fast as the fish are unloaded on the steamer they are eviscerated and packed in "pens" in the hold with their bodies and heads full of crushed ice, which is also packed tightly around them. Soon they are frozen stiff and the intention is to keep them so until they are landed in the eastern market. Sometimes the boxes are taken aboard the steamer and fish are packed in them as fast as they are cleaned. This process necessitates re-packing and re-icing on reaching the wharf and the more usual way is to simply pack the fish in the pens with their heads on. When the steamer reaches the wharf unloading is commenced immediately. An average of ten thousand pounds of fish can be unloaded per hour. Where necessary these are assorted according to size and quality. The heads are cut off, after which the fish are iced and boxed and loaded aboard the refrigerator cars, as fast as carpenters can nail on the covers.

The smoking of halibut has been commenced on the coast, but shipments of the smoked article are still received from Massachusetts.

Codfish banks off the Alaskan Coast are now frequented by a dozen or more vessels yearly. Most of the catch goes to San Francisco, but one packery has been established on Puget Sound and another is contemplated. The northwestern market is now being supplied from home and gradually efforts are being made to enter the eastern field hitherto supplied entirely from New England.



AT THE CURVE OF THE ROAD

BY HENRY CLEVELAND WOOD

THE drouth had set in unusually early for the time of year, it was now in the last month of Spring, but the sun blazed down with the intensity of a mid-summer day, and dust seemed everywhere.

Not a cloud, or a suggestion of rain could be discovered in the unbroken blue of the sky; the air was hot and dry, the grass was beginning to turn brown on the hillsides, while the farmers had already lifted up their voices in ominous predictions.

Along the way, one might see the heat rising, like quivering atoms of dust, from the parching fields on either hand, and from the shadeless stretch of railroad that seemed to divide the landscape into interminable halves.

Through the heat and dust, two travelers slowly tolled, one slightly in advance of the other, along the narrow path in the centre of the track where the red clay was packed hard between the cross-ties, and the sun's rays seemed to fall the hottest.

The leader was a man of middle age, though he looked older, and one could easily determine his trade from the large bundle he carried swung to his side containing the component parts of umbrellas in various stages of repair. On his back was a kit of tools used in his trade.

The man was ragged and unkempt, and the evidences of a life of dissipation were plainly to be seen, yet despite it all, there was a vague something about him, a certain refinement of face and manner, that removed him from the ordinary tramp, and suggested the possibility of days of gentility.

His companion was a slender lad, bending under a hand-organ, strapped across his shoulders, on which a dejected looking little monkey perched. The swarthy complexion, and dark hair and eyes of the lad proclaimed a foreign nationality.

For a time the two plodded on in silence, now and then mopping the perspiration and dust from their flushed faces.

"Pete, this beats your sunny Italy all hollow, an' makes even 'da monk' look disgusted with life," said the foremost of the travellers.

"It is verra hot," acknowledged the lad, with a weary glance around him.

"Gimme your music-box, an' take the kit o' tools, it's lighter," said the first speaker.

"You have mucha carried him already to-day. I carry him now till we stoppa next place," answered Pietro in his broken English, and with a shake of his curly black head.

"Then I'll take the monkey," said his companion, transferring the occupant of the organ to the kit of tools.

"I ought to carry the organ, the monkey, and you, too, as well as my own things," continued the speaker, contritely. "If I hadn't got on that drunk at our last stopping place, spent all of my money, then had you take yours to pay my fine and get me out of jail, we might both have been riding in a car instead of tramping along now in this blazing sun."

"But you will get of da drunk no more," Pietro said, encouragingly. "You haf me promised. You no take da whisk."

"You bet I won't!" cried the umbrella mender earnestly. "I never intend to touch another drop as long as I live, Pietro. It's a fearful habit. It robs a man of his brain, of his will, of his manhood, of everything he should hold dear."

"You remember dis when we next stoppa," said Pietro, warningly. "I'm 'frald yôu forgetta him."

"No! no! not this next place, of all others!" cried his companion, vehemently. "I learned the curse of drink there. I once lived at the place we are now going to, Pietro, and you may not believe it, but I was a sober man, and in good circum-

stances, yet now"—he gave a harsh laugh—"look at me now, Pietro, do I look like a gentleman? Do gentlemen dress like this, and go about mending umbrellas? And drink was the cause of it all, lad."

"Good God!" he cried, after a little retrospective pause, "I broke the heart of the truest woman that ever lived, and she lies buried at this place. I wanted to stand by her grave once more, I longed to see the old familiar places again, and something impelled me to come here. No one will know me, they would never recognize in this tramp and outcast the man I once was, and I will never tell them, Pietro, never! It must have been these thoughts that drove me to drink the other day. I don't know what else tempted me. I only wanted to drown remembrance. No! no! I will never touch another drop, so help me God!"

"Dat is verra good," Pietro answered. "I mucha like to hear you say dat."

The two lapsed into silence again, and toiled on wearily up a grade that had been reached in the road.

From its top they could see the church spires of the distant town, and a water tower that looked like the tall smoke-stack of some immense but idle factory. The older man gazed long and earnestly in this direction, then the two sat down to rest under some small bushes by the roadside.

After a time, refreshed by their halt, they once more took up their burdens, and continued on their way. Presently they reached a deep cut in the rocks, and as they did so, the sound of an approaching train was heard.

The track made a sharp curve at a point a little further on, and a switch was stationed there. The noise of the swift revolving wheels grew louder and louder, and when the switch was reached, the umbrella-mender stepped off the track, and walked along its side as he neared the curve.

He had gone some steps when he chanced to look back, and saw Pietro standing on the track bending over as if tying his shoe.

"Look out!" he called back to the lad.

Pietro raised his head and called out something which the sound of the approaching train drowned.

"What's the matter?" asked the umbrella-mender still louder.

Again the lad called out something, in which the hearer caught the word "foot," as Pietro gesticulated earnestly and pointed downward.

The umbrella-mender ran back hurriedly to where the lad stood, and as he reached him, the train rounded the curve.

"My foota is caught, see! I cannot get him out!" cried Pietro, wildly, the rich color fading from his face as he looked up and saw the approaching train, then he made another violent effort to disengage his heavy shoe, which had become fastened in the frog of the rails.

"Holy Virgin! protect me!" he shrieked in his native tongue.

His companion flung aside the bundle of umbrellas, and ran his hand hastily in his pocket, but his knife had been put in the kit of tools, and there was no time to get at it. He caught Pietro around the waist and sought to lift him from his perilous position, but the effort seemed only to tighten the shoe the more, and the lad gave a cry of mingled pain and fright.

The on-coming engine began now its sharp and repeated signals of danger, and made yet more terrifying the situation.

Dropping on his knees, the umbrella-mender made frantic efforts to loosen the wedged shoe. He looked vainly around for a stone with which to strike it, and finding none, he pounded the heel with his hand until the blood came.

As he worked with desperate energy, he felt the earth tremble beneath him with the weight of the ponderous engine that was bearing down upon them, and the ringing rails on either hand seemed to thunder out its swift approach.

Great drops of perspiration broke from the man's flushed forehead, flushed with the violent efforts he was making to free the lad who now stood pale and motionless, paralyzed with terror.

Again the man pounded fiercely on the shoe, then sought to tear the shoe-string apart that bound it to the foot, but the string was leather and strong, and in the excitement he pulled the knot still tighter that was tied in it, while the shoe remained firmly wedged between the iron rails. The last hope had failed him. Pietro was doomed.

The umbrella-mender sprang to his feet

and gave one swift glance around. There was yet time to save himself. The strong impulse of nature bade him do so. He had done all that he could do for the poor lad.

Even the monkey, with the instinct of self preservation, in the face of threatened danger, had sprung from the shoulders of the umbrella-mender, and now crouched by the side of the track shrilly chattering with fright.

The man half turned to make the leap to safety, when he caught sight of Pietro's face, blanched with horror at the awful vision of death so near, and in the lad's eyes a look of such appeal there are no words to picture it.

As the umbrella-mender stood there, his whole life seemed to pass before him, in that brief moment of hesitation.

He remembered a prayer he used to say at his mother's knee, long years ago: his boyhood rose to view; the temptations that had sapped his promising manhood appeared, one after another, like the pictures of a panorama. He thought of the grave in the cemetery not far away, the grave that had lured him back to stand once more beside it, and the years that had followed that mother's death; those dreadful years of vice and intemperance, and vagabondism; all passed before him.

He recalled his recent spree, and how this lad had stood by him faithfully

through it all, and begged that he would drink no more. And he had promised; he had sworn solemnly that never more a drop of liquor should pass his lips, and now it was coming to pass. A feeling of gladness came to him that he had made that promise. He had meant to keep it, but not in this way.

As these thoughts swept through his mind, many scenes passed across his vision, as a flash of lightning rifts the darkness, and with startling distinctness reveals the presence of a far-reaching landscape, wherein each object stands clearly forth.

The engine came thundering on.

The man turned swiftly toward the lad. He stood before the helpless victim, and mercifully shut out from his fascinated gaze the cruel on-coming Juggernaut that demanded a victim.

With a desperation born of supreme courage, he seized Pietro in his arms, as in a vice, and dragged him forward. The foot loosened from its wedge-like fastening, the shoe slipped, or was torn from its sole, and with a giant's strength the umbrella-mender hurled the lad outside the track, while he himself fell heavily across it.

The next moment, amid the roar of wheels, and the wild shrieking of a locomotive, reversed too late to check its swift course, a misspent life went out.

A ROMANCE OF OLD PARIS

(Benoit tells the Story)

BY JENNIE BULLARD WATERBURY

BENOIT wore a coat of dark blue cloth trimmed with two rows of brass buttons along the front. On his head was a queer three-cornered hat. He had an eye like an eagle and a tongue which held pictures as a bird's glottis throbs song; or a painter's brush sets fancy; or a writer's pen indites imaginativeness. He was bent and old. His legs were crippled with the rheumatism "for the Ile St. Louis harbors damp," he said, "and all the left side of the river teems with mildew; for that matter so do I.

Rusty? As an old key. Dingy? As misery. Old? As the horizon. Garrulous? *Ah oui, par exemple.*" In true French fashion he placed his forefinger close up against his left nostril.

He stood by the Corinthian column in the first court of the Beaux Arts, the column which is surmounted by a sixteenth-century figure of Plenty. He looked as the old century always looks to the new: plethoric with historical matter, prolific of unheard-from delights.

His voice was husky, like the door

hinge of a long unswung portal. His face was good. He was possessed of queer little mannerisms which seemed like curious unattended excrescences shooting unexpectedly now and then from the main stem. The main stem in this issue was Benoit's passion for art, his conquest of observance, his appreciation of purity, and his knowledge of the world. His old, lined countenance was replete with pathos, compassion, pride and courage. Weatherbeaten inwardly, he looked and talked abreast of every wind he had encountered, levelly faced and mastered.

As he talked, the Beaux Arts took on, for me, the vague misty outlines of a past generation wherein the great of to-day were the obscure of yesterday, where work carved, out of creative chaos, fame sure and lasting.

Benoit speaks: When in the year fifty-two I was major domo and general factotum in the household of Prince Czartoryska—he who had acquired the old Hotel Lambert which still stands frowning down on the Seine from a corner of what is now known as the Ile St. Louis—I learned of the Donatella. So she was called by the students. Her pure face was likened by enthusiasts to the copy of Donatello's Saint Cecilia which still adorns the abbey chapel in company with copies of Michael Angelo, Lucca della Robbia, Ghirlandajo, Raphael and others.

It is true her profile was singularly similar. It breathed of the same dignity and maidenly reticence. The cleft in her upper lip carried in its sweet droop all the tender elasticity that the bas-relief lacks. She had, too, the same pure forehead and veiled eyes, eyes like a glimpse of heaven when the lids lifted and revealed the blue. Their expression was singularly serene for so young a person. Turmoil was not and never would be with such a spirit it was whispered.

From the first she established a record of untoward reserve, and held herself aloof from the other artists; she took private lessons from Leroux, he who in his youth even was named the most promising sculptor of his day. That she was elected from the first for great things was an acknowledged fact. Perhaps it was because of her reverence for her art that she displayed so utter an indifference to the hearts of her admirers and the

glances of her well wishers; she went her way daily without apparently giving a thought in any direction but towards the surmounting of all obstacles that stood, so apparently insuperable, confronting her chosen purpose. A close observer of her ways and methods had once remarked that he could detect, from the dreamy, far-off look in her eyes, that she held communion only with the elect who already inhabited Parnassus.

The students, after repeated efforts grave and gay, to unsettle her gentle reserve, finally one by one, dropped away from her, some pettishly, some soberly; more with a quiet resignation which expressed very forcibly their utter, self-acknowledged hopelessness. They finally conceded her the obscurity she so evidently desired individually and was seeking to rid herself of theoretically; "yet," they argued, "if fame is her goal she would attain it far quicker by showing now and then her lovely, saintly face than by hiding it. Personality goes a long way towards securing one's work recognition," they stated, not without some self interest possibly in their open hearted suggestion.

Daily I strolled down to the rue Bonaparte for a chat with the custodian—who came, too, from Lombardy, and with whom I had journeyed to Paris in the forties. I thus knew many of the students well; as mad a lot of young vandals as imaginable, who used art not always as a means of grace.

The Donatella passed daily along the Quai on her way to her master's studio. She never failed to leave the impress of her lovely, saintly face with us. It was an odd element in those parts where night was so often made hideous by the student's caterwaulings. In those days there was little order exacted of adolescence; neither was there a Berenger who bullied the Quarter into a semblance of submission. The left side of the river was the student quarter incarnate, and chock full of the excesses and frolics, and license of unchecked youth.

The Donatella seemed, even to my sober reasoning, sobered by past want and anxiety—as rare prey for the young wolves; I often wondered what had sent her there amongst them, into this den of young thieves and robbers of all that fine

womanhood holds good; later I did not wonder, after that day her master called me in as I was passing. He was but thirty years of age, illustrious, and as indifferent to the world's carpings as to its praises.

From the fact of my familiarity with the Beaux Arts and its customs I had somehow, with the help of the old books on the Quails managed to absorb an impression of art which I judged rather from my heart than from my head. This unguarded and unstudied appreciation the students had come to consider, for some reason or other, of value.

I knew no rules nor laws; nevertheless many a great sculptor or would-be painter would nab me, as I slouched past to execute a commission for my master, and ask me my opinion of his work.

In those days I considered myself a lucky fellow, and so I was. Clothed in the Czartoryski liveries, happy in the consciousness of a full stomach and a fat purse, I also overlooked a gratuitous art field especially and miraculously created for my young eyes and active brain.

The lads were wont to ask me boldly—singular how bold they are at first only to become as superlatively timid later when acquainted with art hypercriticism—"tell a fellow now, Benoit, what does that plaster represent to you?"

I remember one day Fléglère—he who was killed in a duel a few months later—called me into his studio and put that question to me.

Fléglère had a taking way, and a pretty genius for modelling his clay into all sorts of fantastic shapes which the fashionable world—always more desirous of having its volatile fancy tickled than its soul unduly stirred—had chosen to designate as "original;" as if originality were what is required in legitimate art. *License* was the word they meant; but the poor souls did not know it.

I slipped into the court one day—he had called to me from a hole in the roof as I passed—I stood with my cap in my hand awkwardly enough, on the threshold of that atelier of his which was visited by many a fine lady, and written of as "a den of great promise." He had a famous patron, Villemessant of the Figaro; his verdict did not go far in art circles,

however. Only outsiders attached to it a false value. Bohemia knew better.

His plaster, that day, was a poor copy of the Donatella. It was an atrocious attempt at perpetuating the girl's features from Donatello's standpoint, the Saint Cecilia. This copy was unlike the original and had deteriorated significantly under its perpetrator's fingers. There was nothing chaste in Fléglère's contour of the cheek, nor in the dent in the lip. In treatment it was horribly coarsened; instead of being delicate and maidenly it was stout and mature. He had made a thing of earth indeed out of what came from and had been elected to make straight for Heaven.

Now when a man is honored with a great gift from God—surely there is no more blessed gift than the gift which is awarded so munificently to sculptors—the art of forming from dust a semblance of the divine, and moulding out of clay the epitome of a worthy fame which will stand firm against the ages, and carry the impress of man's soul in its best image into the future—when God, I say, bestows a gift like *this* upon one of his creatures, it stirs a mighty wrath in me if that creature chooses, out of his iniquity, or inadequacy, to let what he might do that is great with that art pass out of sight in order to seize in its stead the momentary applause of the crowd; instead of waiting to command the world's ultimate allegiance through standing firm to the best of things in their highest sense.

Fléglère to me had always been flippant. To-day I detested the whole length of him. To have dared to form under his supple fingers a treble poor reality, of the Saint Cecilia, a good woman, and the Donatella, seemed to me a devilishly impudent return for his environment, his gift and his opportunity.

"You'd have my opinion of it?" I asked, gruffly—I was but five years his senior, but I felt myself his father, so had the warping and the stunting of my past hard worked days used me to push forth common sense—"you'd have my opinion; old Benoit's?" They had named me "old Benoit" because they had discovered me both truthful and irritable. They said that these two characteristics constituted the "main accomplishments of unenviable

age"—strange that now I am old irritability is no longer with me.

In response thereto Fléglère laughed a little, and went fiercely to work modelling the ear. I perceived by a quickly repressed quivering of his upper lip, however, that he was awaiting my verdict with some apprehension. From this I experienced the exhilarating consciousness that perhaps he was more aware of his inadequacy than he chose to show. My heart leaped, for in spite of his wickedness, I loved the boy.

"It's bad," I asserted forcibly with inward reluctance; after all artists are not sordid souls like men, they are of a finer species and to be treated accordingly—besides I could not rid myself of the hope that Fléglère might be far greater could he be taught to forget himself more and remember what his art might do for him were it thrust forward.

He whirled about suddenly, dropped his tools with a clatter, and came anxiously forward. "You say—?"

"You have insulted both Donatello, the Donatella and Saint Cecilia," I continued, quite willing to bear down hard into the unexpected groove my frank criticism was carving out for me in him: "Leave saintliness to them who wrestle with the inner consciousness, and maidenliness to those who know how to reverence it. Why attempt to deal with problems you cannot understand. Attack your version of life and love if you will; leave God's and woman's version to God and woman."

"*Vieux philosophe*," he muttered, with a grim smile, "*vieux philosophe*," that was all. Then he bade me "begone."

I never saw him again alive.

But when later that same day Leroux called me in to look at the Donatella's work, I went away with a lump in my throat that was not caused wholly from inhaling the damp breeze from the river. I wondered no longer now why she passed us all so dreamily with that strange wistfulness in her eyes, and that far-away still smile upon her beautiful rapt lips.

Do you know the marble which says chastity, as convincingly as a baby's smile or a flower's perfume? The marble which went out with the old Greeks and which is rarely to-day with the new Latins? The Donatella had mastered it. Her work embodied the nucleus of the

Italian school which puts in grace and light with every line it curves and every idea it moulds.

It was the figure of a child, a tender, lovable thing, with all the bend in its tiny muscles and tendons which lie in the untoughened ligaments of babyhood. 'Twas a child chasing a butterfly; a winsome thing made for kisses and caresses. I wish I had words to tell of it, of all the grace it said, and the purity it spoke, a purity which seemed to my world-stained intelligence to be of the angels. That little marble epitome of a maiden's ideal has remained with me all these years, my most fragrant memory.

All at once I could not see. Something filmed across my eyes that would have been tears had my heart not been beating furiously with a joy it had never felt before. Leroux gazed at me sharply a moment, and then pushed me over the threshold. He was content; yet I had said nothing.

The girl had not seen me. She was seated by an open window as though *lasse* with her work, and the heat of the day; she was gazing out over the slate-covered roofs towards the dome of the Pantheon which loomed up roundly against the misty horizon.

As I turned towards the Hotel Lambert along the Quai I felt as I have felt at confession, when the father confessor awards me absolution, and the face of the Holy Mother seems to look down benignantly, and bless me, and bid me go and sin no more. Had an odor of incense floated up to me from the river below I would but have welcomed it as an adjunct of that holiness which permeated me, the way the strains of organ music enter into me at mass and abide with me sometimes for hours. The girl's pathetic, unconscious mastery of mother hunger; the woman's love for the child; the child's grasp for the unattainable seemed to me as wonderful a creation as the leaves dancing above me, or the blue shining through them.

This was forty years ago.

That summer and many others browned and crisped to autumn, and the autumn whitened into winter; the snow melted out again to spring, and the lilacs broke through and mourned the passing of the year in white and purple.

The students' faces changed; aged; sad-

dened, and disappeared. The Empire crashed with pain and bloodshed, and the Republic raised its hoary head and confronted us grimly. Strange to say, it has held its own in this big capital which worships but one god, Pleasure, and bows but to one master, Self. It was but an affair of taxes after all; and taxes are larger now than under the monarchy. So seldom do we know what is best for ourselves.

I am an old man now; they made me five years since custodian at the Beaux Arts; I hold that place for life. The young ones are still fighting the great fight of mind against matter on our side of the river which reeks of the Roman invasion and tells of the Cæsars as eloquently as of yore.

The Donatella, I say, drifted away. I never saw her again after that memorable day when perfection looked full at me out of the plaster she had modelled, and made speak with her girlish fingers.

The little marble child was with me for years. I could picture him at will; the laughing childish countenance lifted so eagerly up towards the winged insect above—the acme of the unattainable.

Yesterday I was wandering idly—of a Sunday I change off with the *bottier*, Aristide, he who was once a page 'n the days of the Empire in the Longueville family.

Yesterday, I say, I was strolling alongside of the river up by Bas-Meudon when I ran across something which set me trembling, and started a terrible joy astir in me; a sense which momentarily cleared away the dust of ages, and jostled me up furiously against the past.

I was passing a little villa. It nestled under a clump of elms by the roadside. There was a garden in front running riot with every kind of flower. The gate, painted purely white, with a brass bell handle sunk well into the middle of it, stood wide open as I hobbled past, my stick knocking out unexpected echoes from the still, perfumed air. Spring had set firm in the tender green of the trees; the door of the little house swung open, and a woman descended the steps.

I don't know what there was about her that set my feeble old heart beating, nor why I checked my footsteps to regard her more closely—it were ill-bred enough for a

gamin, let alone an old servant of my years and training, to be gaping at a gentle lady in her privacy. As I gazed she came forward. Her hair was white and folded away neatly behind her little ears. Her eyes—will I ever forget her eyes? They were peaceful as the sky on a June day, and as blue. As she turned her head my glance caught her profile. I drew my breath hard.

It was the Donatella! Time had snowed her hair, and dimmed her soft tint into a uniform sweet pallor, but the purity and peace of expression remained unruffled, and the soul stood forth as white as when I knew it long ago.

There are women on this earth who, angelwise, use it for their good, and ours. She was one of them; God bless her.

The stiffness went out of my bones, and the chill of age drifted off my spirit like a cloud rolling away from a mountain-top.

I sprang forward, and bent my reverent lips to her hand.

"*Vieux Benoit*," I explained, huskily, as she started a little, and drew up her slight figure.

Then how the light put out the fear in her face. The faintly colored lips parted, revealing the pearls of long ago between.

"Thrice welcome," she cried, in that memorable voice of hers, a voice which carried in its cadences a pathos unique, and a womanliness all its own; "be seated."

Her slim hand grasped mine. She led me to a bench in her garden which was lavender with lilacs, and white and yellow with narcissus, and jonquills, and green with reseda, and purple with long stemmed spring violets. There were poppies, too, transplanted, a glory of them in one corner. Ferns greened a little woody spot made dark by hanging firs.

We fell into disjointed speech. We began sentences we never finished; I, with the tears in my weak old eyes, and she with her lips trembling oddly and her slender hands clasped across her knees to still their shaking.

We talked of the old days as if they had never held in them the shadows we had then known of; time softens even shadows, and the past, no matter how bitter, is enviable ever, at a distance, when one is old.

"And Fléglère?"

"It was discovered, didn't you know, that it was not his model but a rival who had killed him?"

"And Durand?"

"Durand got the Prix de Rome. It's said he died, later, of the fever."

"And Raillard?"

"He fought for his country. Paint went out for him when bloodshed reddened France. He threw up his brushes and grasped a gun instead. Poor fellow; he was shot at Sedan."

"Treschuard?"

"He that modelled the Venus sleeping? He married an English girl, and struck out for himself, abroad."

"And Leroux?"

I glanced at her sharply, for her voice trembled perceptibly, and her lips turned ashy white. Womanlike, however, she bared her soul to the blow, and I, God help her, struck home.

"He threw up his art and fought for his country—you did not know? Then he returned. He stands to-day at the head. He is an old man honored and beloved by all."

"I knew nothing."

"A pity," I said. "It was a great talent, that; I never knew a greater. His is a genius as brute as Angelos, and as grandiose. But it is odd you do not know of him since it was he who taught you."

"Listen," she said suddenly, and the blue went out of her eyes and grey pain crept in. Her face was full of a great reticence—the repression her womanhood and her pride had set as a seal upon her brave lips until now—"listen," she commanded.

Just then a cloud put out the sun as though in sympathy, and we sat in shadow. The air freshened as it blew up lightly from the river; her hand cooled until it seemed of ice against mine.

She told her story in a sort of low monotone—it was an echo of past passion.

"He was great; the greatest I have ever known. He mastered me so utterly that life ever since has tasted flat. He taught me all I ever knew or hope to know. Just out of the munificence of what he gave me as wantonly as most men save, I found the food which fed me in my direst need. But in the learning I was taught what women learn with mastery. I loved him."

I bent forward warily and rested my chin on the top of my gnarled stick; I did not look at her; thus I tried to help her a little; I knew it did her good to speak. Her voice rang dry as though the breath was parched with the pain that gave it utterance, and every once in a while as I glanced at her face I found it more and more changed. She looked old, and worn and ill.

"He never knew," she said; "I hid it away so deep within me, he thought me impervious to everything but his genius. It was on so high a plane; he was of that enchanted world, Benoit, wherein men dream their dreams and let the world with all its bitter impotencies and ineptitudes go by."

Again there was a pause.

A bird in a neighboring tree rippled forth a little choked note like a cry. She started. "And you?" I asked the question to get even with the huskiness in my old throat.

"I went away. I suffered as women suffer who love in vain. I did not question him; I only understood that he was as far away from me as the heavens are from us to-day."

"Child; he was but a man."

"He didn't think of me, I tell you; I stole away, here. I possessed a small competence, an inheritance from my mother."

"Here?" I looked around me; it was but a couple of hours from my quarters, and she had been here.

"When the war came I fled to Italy, and there I learned what life teaches us all of renunciation; then I returned to plant my flowers."

"Your flowers?"

"I echoed her words dully. There was an ache in all the air about me; I knew she had judged falsely. Once again I was convinced of how great a jumble men and women, in their mighty ignorance, make of life, when they try to take it in their own hands, and mould it to their wills instead of God's.

"My flowers? You do not know? I will tell you. There was human love in me, a love which, in women, ultimately turns to the love a mother feels for her child; such a love must have utterance or women like me go mad. Those poppies there are red with the pain and passion of tempestuous rebellion which was in me

when I planted them long ago; they hold my heart's blood. Back of them grows the *muguet*, which I call my modesty flowers; alongside nestles my grief in the lavender and the white of the lilacs. The pinks are of the spirit, a resolve to make out of my misfortunes my good friends. The jonquil is the memory of the days when sunshine was with me, when I remembered that I had left him before he had discovered my fatal secret and despised me for it."

"'Despised' you?"

But she did not hear me.

"Would you know what came to me after long years, Benoit? The peace which succeeds the storm of battle and the anguish of loss and pain. Its first stage is stagnation against which one's spirit beats as against prison bars; then follows a callousness which seems like a precursor of death; and then comes peace so utter, so all consoling, so broad and fair, that I long for all my fellow creatures to pass through just such fire in order to taste of gladness as fast and true."

Her face was vivid with a white light which seemed to have descended upon it as she spoke; her lips were freshly curved; they held the cleft of the Saint Cecilia. Her knees had ceased trembling now, the slender hands were raised and clasped behind her head; her eyes were gazing rapturously into a land of fair imaginings.

Then she too rose, "*Vieux Benoit*,"—the old pet name came softly through her pure lips and seemed to bring within its cadences a blessing, the tears were still wet on her cheeks and her countenance was shadowed with the record of awakened memories—"come with me, I will show you an older friend than my flowers, and my memories, and yours; a friend which taught me my philosophy, and untaught me everything—but love."

I found myself shortly in a little room where a figure stood; the marble figure of a child, its baby face lifted ecstatically, its baby arm reaching towards the unattainable. She told me she had never modelled but him; that the child embodied the love of her life, that love which had made her hair whiten before its time; that love which had held within it so great a renunciation. She had erected a

chapel for the little marble child through the windows of which, fashioned of old stained glass, the sun drifted purple and violet, crimson and amber, as the world rolled round.

At five o'clock I left her, after repeated promises that I would come for many a visit in which we would warm out hearts off memory as rich as cobwebbed wine.

Then I crept home. The river was bright with pleasure crafts and joy seekers.

The air was sweet as in the old days when I thought God had fashioned it for my individual benefit; a sore place was within me, a wound I never have, and never shall heal.

The surety was with me what I might have done, had I known. What humanity might do for its neighbor did it know; were it not thrust upon us to wear one face to the world and another in our hearts; were our souls permitted to stalk abroad and demand the survival of the fittest instead of seeking to delude others into believing they have found peace—what, I say, could we not do for one another did we live our pain as we live our joys—aloud?

I determined now to do what I could with what was left to me.

Leroux had elected for years to choose for his subject matter the great jagged emotions of war and strife. Many a battle piece of his adorns his native city. Latterly, however, it had been whispered that he had turned cynic and took a sly delight in poking fun at lesser men's weaknesses. Unsophisticated persons, unaware of the craze for analysis which assails every soul with a profession in France, had wondered aloud that a man with the talent of Leroux had chosen to scum the expression of every truth he uttered with the gloom of his individual conviction. His nineteenth century environment, the unstinted applause of the universe, the contest with lesser minds had distorted him from his original greatness into an out and out sceptic.

Like a man with an ungovernable liver he adjudged every one and everything from a jaundiced point of view. There was just enough truth in his treatment of subject matter unhappily to induce the world, three quarters of it at least, to bow down to him as a great soul who scorned

to dilly dally with light and shade, rejoiced rather to strike between the eyes. At to-day's exhibition he had chosen to jest at love; he, whom it was boasted had never felt a wound. Singularly enough, his work only to them who knew him well expressed the satire he had intended it should convey universally. To the crowd it interpreted exquisitely a powerful truth.

Leroux' Love portrayed a woman and a man clasped in one another's arms. The woman's face was lifted in an abandon as complete as the give of an insect when, sun-drunk, it lifts its wings to the air. The man's face was invisible, covering hers.

There was nothing unusual perhaps in the conception, unless the conviction it contained; a certain poetic inspiration emanated from the marble in giving vent to Leroux' interpretations. There was originality of treatment, power, and a pithy terseness in the title. It was succinct, and appealed individually in some fashion or other to every man or woman who read of it on the catalogue or under the marble, and then paused and dreamed a little over it. Here in Paris, except for the monotonous attempts at perpetuating the passion of Paola and Francesca, or of Venus and Adonis, Cupid had rarely been in evidence of late, unless abused out of shape. Mammon had taken his place artistically as well as spiritually; the god of love was supposed to be either in disgrace or out of fashion.

Here he was in a new dress; decked out by a master hand, the hand of one of the most profound cynics of the day. The power of the inevitable stole over one's senses as one gazed; the majesty and the grace, like the grace of an hour that is dead, or the light that never shines on sea or shore but once. Love caught and held in that block of stone imbued it with a strange faculty for seizing and fastening the thousands of eyes which gazed upon it, at first indifferently, then dreamily, and then with a low sigh passed on, only to return to it deliberately, and gaze at it furtively. To almost every woman there it embodied a memory, and to every man a moment of ecstasy; no matter how much they laughed, and scoffed, and dashed off witticisms at Leroux' expense, as they looked upon it they all recognized

at once that he had never modelled anything which was more entirely worthy of immortality than this. About it were battle scenes, bas-reliefs replete with evidence of ability; expressions of those interstices of thought which only thinkers who live by their wits discover in the dead level of the commonplace to tell of.

Leroux leaned heavily upon his stick. His noble head stood up forcibly against the background of palms and acacia trees, from under his black, over-hanging brows gleamed two piercing eyes.

Benoit speaks, "I stole up to him; the crowd suffocated me; those women and men opulent and unthinking, could not know of art as Leroux and I did, and had, and could. A sun gleam from the glass ceiling fell full on to the orders glistening on Leroux' breast. My breath came short; the crowd fell away; I had waited a little, I leaned forward quietly and touched Leroux' shoulder. "A word with you," I said; and then, as he turned and confronted me—I saw him every day—pointing to the marble "you call it Love—that?"

He nodded, silently, with his bitter cynical smile.

All at once like a sweet sea breeze across a jungle came swiftly to me the thought of the Donatella. I would pronounce her name. I was as fierce for her as though a lion fighting for her cubs. Had he forgotten her?

He leaned towards me cordially; he laid his big arms across my bent shoulders—although an old man he is still strong and vigorous. "Is the title displeasing to you then, *mon vieux*?" he questioned, curiously. He could afford now and then, out of his surfeit of acclamation, to listen to my feeble protest, ungoverned as it was by anything but my love for him and my fidelity for art. I did not like the use he had latterly chosen to make of his gift. "Twere but a poor return indeed distorting truth," I'd said to him often. Had he degenerated beyond redemption, with his epoch?

"I've seen to-day," I said—and the present fell away from me the way the vaporous mists desert the river when the sun shines full; I listened again to the Donatella's voice carrying its burden of patient resignation—"a ghost."

He started, and ruffled his brows, and gazed out from under them piercingly as though he thought I were mad.

"You say?"

"Dost thou remember," I began again, with a cry for help which reached Our Blessed Mother's place in Heaven, I am sure, "long, long ago—in the old days—when I was young, and thou, a woman fair as youth who lived across the river there, near us?"

"There were many," he returned, a little impatiently—he lifted his hat just then to a woman who was passing, a worldly creature dressed in the latest creation of fashion.

"Have done," I growled, furiously, "and listen."

At once he gave me his undivided attention. He seemed to recognize at last that I was serious.

"I say I have seen a ghost," I repeated, slowly. Then, seizing the glance of his eyes in mine and fastening it, I added, "dost thou remember a woman named the Donatella?"

I had not been mistaken. His eyes flamed. His countenance took on a pallor as white as his own marble.

"You jest," he said, hoarsely; but a great joy sprang to life in the grip of his hand on my coat sleeve.

"Not I. Wouldst thou see her?"

"*Tu le sais.*"

"Come."

I strode through the crowd and he followed me—wordless.

We took the little boat up the river and landed at Bas-Meudon. Night had fallen when we reached there, but the gate of the tiny villa still ajar, and a red light like a radiated ruby shed its warm welcome, through a little diamond-paned window, across the grass.

First I stole around to the chapel, Leroux at my heels like an obedient dog. At times he staggered; his face was set; the pallor which had covered it at the

mention of the Donatella's name still lay upon it.

The chapel door stood open; the moonbeams fell full upon the figure of the child.

Leroux clasped his arms around it with a great dry sob; then he turned to me.

"And she?" he asked; that was all, but in his face lay the glorified reflection of a wonderful peace.

We made our way under the firs to the little window, half open, at which the Donatella sat. The lamp cast a halo around her head. More than ever she appeared to my tear-filled eyes—

"The Saint Cecilia," ejaculated Leroux, and then was silent. I, who knew the manner of man he was, took courage, for with a mighty groan he crouched, as though suddenly stricken powerless, against the little house. Down on the river some belated boatmen were singing softly of a land which was always fair and of women who were faithful.

"Mon enfant!" It was Leroux's voice. He had risen, and was holding out his arms to her.

The Donatella lifted her head the way I've seen a stag when it is shot down in the Fontainebleau Forest. The blue in her eyes turned black; with one trembling hand pressed against her heart, she bent forward as though in answer to an irresistible command.

"Maitre," she whispered.

I stole away.

Do I "see them often?" He it was who made me custodian here. The "Donatella?" Her name is now Leroux. Her child and butterfly stand in a tapestried nook of her home, over there where Napoleon's tomb lifts its golden dome towards the sky. "Listen, *mon vieux*," said Leroux to me, only this morning, "I've modelled realisms at my life like a blind beggar in the sun, while love incarnate sobbed there at my threshold and sighed out its life.



"PRETTY ROSE"

BY MINNIE MOFFAT

THE newly appointed superintendent of the "None Such Mines" was Albert Taylor, unrivalled in his profession. He was married and had one child, a babe, nearing its second year. His wife was devoted to him, she was a delicate, refined woman, and very popular. Helen Taylor knew nothing of the nether side of her husband's profession, for fortune had dealt kindly with them in that respect since their marriage, three years before. Their lines had fallen in very pleasant places, indeed. She had often heard him relate thrilling tales of some of his narrow escapes, but they had suggested nothing but the kiss of thankfulness he had invited at his prowess in taking care of himself. Recalling these adventures he would emphatically declare that he would leave her and the child with his mother and go alone; that nothing would induce him to expose them to the deprivations and hardships of the remoter mines when his orders came for these localities.

Helen cried out indignantly at this disposal of herself and the baby, and vowed, that where he went there would she and the baby go. Of course this delighted Albert beyond everything; but, as yet, he had never been known to make a concession when referring to his determination.

"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," is an extremely satisfying proverb for the time being, but is not sound argument for an emergency, nor is it a stable preparation conducive of a contented bowing to the vicissitudes of life. They were very happy. Life was a constant round of pleasures. Why should they not be happy? They had one another? The most beautiful baby that ever lived? The sweetest baby in the world? Where was there another like it? They had more than sufficient money for their needs. And they would not be wickedly ungrateful if they were not happy? It is almost unnecessary to say that this was Helen's view of the situation.

But one day Albert returned home looking grave and disturbed. He had been

gone from the house but a short time, and Helen suspected that something had gone wrong; but like the good wife she was did not question him. She had no suspicion of what was coming, for she had grown to think of their future as their life now was, Albert's warnings to the contrary:—

"Well, Helen it has come at last!" said Albert, looking white and miserable, and kissing her fondly.

"What, dear?" she asked in alarm.

"My orders; I am ordered to the 'None Such Mines,' the worst mining district in the country."

"When must we leave, dear?" she asked in a quiet tone.

"I shall have to go alone; you could not live out there."

"You certainly are not going alone, Albert. I will not be left. My place is with you. I should die to be left," she cried, and burst into tears.

"You would certainly die if I took you, darling," he answered in a low tone of subdued grief.

"I am going with you, Albert," she said decidedly, "and it is not going to kill me. And baby is going, too. We have made up our minds to go, haven't we, baby?"

She caught the child from the nurse, and crept with it into her husband's arms. The nurse discreetly left the room. Albert's world was in his arms—his life! Poor man! He drew them close, and groaned aloud, sorely tempted.

"We's doin', papa," cooed Helen for the baby, "We's doin' to det our itty trunk al-ready, and do to," she continued holding the child up for a kiss, her eyes glittering with tears.

She rang for the nurse and sent the baby away, and petted and coaxed, as only a loving wife can, and at last wrung a reluctant consent from him. He relieved his misgivings, saying that they could return if it proved impracticable.

Time sped away, and on the last day of the month, just three weeks from the date of the order saw them settled in their new home.

It was a wild, desolate region, desolate

enough to appal any one but a staunch, true-hearted wife. Looking west from the doorway of their low-roofed adobe house, you saw mountain backing mountain, and peak rising above peak, copper-hued below, but changing to a deep purple as they neared a sky so intensely blue it would be hard to imagine anything bluer. In the opposite direction your eye followed a sandy plain, without an object in view but an occasional clump of cacti, some of which formed a barricade a quarter of a mile in length and would have proved a grisly enough defence in a siege. Others, again, grew singly, looking like giants in distress; so expressive of the emotions of man were their contortions; looking at many of them, you had a sensation of pity for the manlike things, and a desire to give the assistance they seemed to be imploring of you.

The landscape was utterly devoid of middle tints. The shadows were intense, and somber, and the sunlight was a yellow glare; all in solid tones, copper-reds, bright yellows, black greys, and the sky blue, blue, blue.

North of them, and in their immediate neighborhood were the huts, and hovels of the miners, and away to the south lived the Pueblo nation, the mildest, most thrifty, and intelligent of our Indian population, if we are right when we speak of this gentle race of aborigines as Indians.

Helen was delighted with her new home. She declared she had never been so delightfully situated in her life, nor in a place so full of interest. It seemed as if she had fallen asleep, and awakened in the Middle Ages, she said. Their house was charming with its refined appointments. Albert himself was obliged to confess that his misgivings had been extreme.

In a short time Helen was on speaking terms with most of the young mothers of the settlements. She visited among them, and employed their services in various ways almost daily. She was able to make many additions to their babies' scanty wardrobes from the overabundant stock of her own little one. Eagerly as the women watched for the coveted gifts, Helen realized that she did not gain their good-will. Their thanks were reluctant,

and at other times they were sullen to rudeness.

She confided her ill-success to her husband. He looked grave, and asked how long it would take her to pack, supposing they were obliged to return to the East. His question frightened her. She feared that he intended to return with her and the baby there, and leave her; she changed the subject immediately, and dwelt with enthusiasm on her happiness in her present home. Albert looked, if possible, graver than ever. After this she carefully refrained from mentioning the continued ill-feeling of the women, who at last refused to accept her gifts, or care for her.

One day a young Indian came from the mines with a message from her husband. He was as straight as an arrow, and had a fine, regular, intelligent face, and was sixteen, or eighteen, perhaps. He stood in the doorway, agape with admiration when he saw Helen and her dainty surroundings. Then his eyes made a general survey of the room, still silent with unbounded approval. In their course they at length fell on the baby, who was rolling on a fur rug at Helen's feet. It was too much for even his native taciturnity.

"My! Plit'y!"

After uttering this exclamation of unaffected admiration, to Helen's dismay for the baby's continued composure of mind, he suddenly threw himself full length on the floor in front of the child, and looked at her adoringly. She expected nothing better than a convulsion of fright from the little one. On the contrary, the baby was delighted, and after coqueting a little, slapped the simple, worshipping face vigorously. When she plunged her tiny hands into his coarse, black hair, and pulled it with all her little might the boy's delight knew no bounds. He examined the rug, an eastern purchase, critically in one of the pauses of the frolic.

"Humph!" he ejaculated scornfully, "no good! What name?" he asked suddenly, pointing to the child.

"Rose," answered Helen.

"Joe bling much bettee to plit'y Lose," he said, eying the rug contemptuously.

"Who is Joe?" asked Helen, smiling.

"Me, Joe," he answered, much amazed at her ignorance. "You not know me Pueblo Joe?"

Helen was obliged to confess that she did not. She assured him, however, that she was pleased to know it now. His face was radiant with pleasure. He bent his head and kissed the baby's feet to hide his flushed face, then suddenly sprang erect.

"Pueblo Joe is cazique's son. Ev'lybody knows Pueblo Joe," he said with a grave dignity, and turned and strode out of the room with a stately grace.

In the evening Helen gave her husband a laughing account of the young Indian, and asked him if he knew the boy's history. He told her that he did.

Joe was said to be a direct descendant of a long line of caziques, and was a trustworthy, intelligent lad; of a different mould, altogether from the Indians who usually loitered, or worked about the mines. He was not a laborer. He would have lost cast past redemption in the eyes of his people if he had soiled his hands with labor. And his royal descent kept poor Joe on the verge of starvation most of the time. His inheritance was a name without perquisites of any kind; and desirable an adjunct in life as a name unquestionably is, it cannot be denied that it is not the most satisfactory of substitutes to an empty stomach. It was a most arduous, and uncertain undertaking. He hunted and starved when he was not employed as a courier between the mines. When hunting was impracticable, and money not to be had, he disappeared altogether from the settlement, and would be gone perhaps a month, and sometimes longer. He usually returned hollow-eyed, and emaciated, but showed as a result of his wanderings, turquoise, amethysts, feldspar, gold, and a number of pelts, that would bring him enough when sold to keep him in kingly idleness the rest of the year. He was a good Catholic when he was in the settlement, and walked five miles to church, but there were rumors about, purporting, that when he was away, he went to a witch woman living near the mountains, and with her worshipped as his forefathers had worshipped.

He brought the baby a beautiful white wolf's hide a few days after his first visit, and watched the pretty child tumble about on it with silent joy. Mr. Taylor sought him out the next day to pay him

for the magnificent pelt, but Joe steadily refused to accept the money, and he desisted when he saw that it hurt the gentle creature's pride to be suspected of sordid intentions in his gift. There was not a day, after this, that Joe did not appear with something for "Baby Lose" as he called her. He adored her. Sometimes his offerings were uncut native gems, and were princely, indeed. The child grew very fond of him, and was never more content than when with him. He would lie flat on the sand in front of the house, or on the floor in the house, as the case might be, with the baby sitting before him, and sing to her in a low, melodious croon by the hour. The child listened as if fascinated, and often joined her baby coo in the monotonous chant. It disturbed Helen sometimes to see the Indian and the child staring so steadily into each other's eyes, gabbling an unknown tongue with the profound satisfaction of two Greek professors exchanging notes.

The baby was taken ill one night, and all the next day there were grave fears that she might not recover. Joe was inconsolable, and laid in front of the house in the sun all day, and sat on the doorstep until midnight. Suddenly he sprang to his feet, and looked over the sandy plain. The moon was high in the heavens, his quick eye had detected a figure approaching the house. He recognized it, and dashed away to meet it. It was a woman he met, and they stood in earnest consultation for a moment. Then he grasped her hand, and they joined in a mystic ceremony; from their gestures it evidently concerned the inmates of the house before them. The baby was better the next morning, and recovered in a remarkably short time. Afterwards when Mr. Taylor asked Joe what the performance meant he colored deeply, and did not answer. But on being urged he admitted that Oneta had come to make the baby well, at his request, and he declared that she had cured the evil, and nothing Albert could advance shook his conviction to the contrary.

Albert was having serious difficulties at the mines; he was not at all popular with the miners. When he first went through the mines, he at once discovered that his predecessor had been criminally neglectful of the company's interests. The

miners resented the much needed reforms that he sternly insisted upon; their duties had been light under the old management, and with few restrictions. They were sullen and discontented, and instead of becoming reconciled to a systematic routine, as he hoped they would as time went on, they were gradually working to an open rebellion. It was the explanation of the women's ill-will to Helen, but Albert feared to make her uneasy, telling her the truth. Later his experience forced him to the conclusion that the mines were not what they had been represented to be; they were worn out, and past redemption. He wrote a frank letter to his company, giving them a faithful account of the poverty of the mines, and advised a "shutting down," as a thorough investigation had convinced him that they were sinking money in a "forlorn hope," and would never realize a return. He urged an examination by another than himself before they took this extreme measure. The company were already weary of looking for an income for their heavy outlay, and ordered an immediate "shutting down."

On the next pay-day Albert told the miners of the company's intention, and gave them passes for themselves and their families over their road to neighboring mines. They left the office muttering curses at him for this issue, and afterwards stood outside in groups talking excitedly. To Albert's relief they scattered, at length, and went their different ways into the mines to carry out his instructions in relation to the "shutting down." As the last group was disappearing, a stalwart fellow turned and shook his fist, and yelled something Albert did not catch the meaning of. In his heart he pitied the forlorn creatures' disappointment. Their lives were little above a burrowing brute's, and in many ways the brute had the advantage. Albert would have done much to have continued the running of the mines if he could have done so without downright dishonesty to the company's interests. He consoled himself with the thought that it was to the men's advantage that the change was to occur at this season of the year. It was late when he rose from his desk to go home. He had determined in the mean time that Helen should leave for the East as soon as she could possibly arrange to go. He

put on his hat with a sigh, and turned the knob of the outside entrance. It was locked. Wondering absently how he came to lock it, he reached to the nail where the key usually hung when not in the door. It was not on the nail. He called, and shouted. There was a dead silence. It dawned upon him that he was trapped. Anticipating treachery he examined his pistol, and recharged it, and slipped it into a convenient pocket. Not wishing to call attention to his discovery of the locked door by smashing it in, he turned to the only window in the office. It was not built to raise, but after quietly removing the nails holding it in place, he easily removed it and sprang out. Almost the same instant his feet touched the ground there was a resounding crash, and he was conscious of having been struck down from behind as he fell.

The evening wore on, and Helen sat in her pretty little drawing-room wondering what was delaying her husband, but she was not at all uneasy, for she was ignorant of the disturbances at the mines, and was happily unconscious of the great peril threatening her future.

The Delft clock struck nine. She rang for the nurse, a miner's daughter. Not receiving an answer, she rose from her chair, went to the door, and called her by name; still having no response, she called to the cook, the girl's mother. There was a dead silence. Then she went out through the dining-room into the kitchen, and so on through every room in the house. The servants were gone; there was no one in the house but herself and the baby. Intuitively she scented danger. She fastened the doors and windows, and returned to the baby, and waited, stern with the horror of fear.

A great light suddenly lit up the darkness outside, and flared into the windows. It came from the direction of the mines. Before she could fulfil her impulse to run and look out, a face appeared at the window her eyes were fixed upon. Her heart gave a great throb of alarm for it was not a friendly face, and was strange. It disappeared as suddenly as it had appeared. She was paralyzed with fear, and sat staring at the fire illuminated window, motionless. An instant later another face was as suddenly thrust into the window. She gave a sob of relief. It was Pueblo

Joe's face she saw. He made frantic gestures for her to open the door, at the same time he placed a finger on his lips cautioning silence. She sprang to her feet, and hurriedly unfastened the door. He was into the room with a bound. He caught up the sleeping baby, coverings and all without waking her.

"Quick! Come quick! Bad man steal 'Lose' and lady, too. If not come quick, Joe no can save!" he cried in a low, suppressed whisper, looking fearfully at the door.

"What is it? What has happened? Where is my husband?" wailed Helen.

"Mine alle on fire? Boss come pretty soon," he answered with great presence of mind.

"I cannot go without him! I will wait!" she moaned.

"No must wait," answered Joe in despair. "Bad man come blun house, too. Come plit'y soon, steal Lose"—a look of stern meaning sprang into Joe's eyes—"steal you!"

She understood, and followed him out of the house.

"Quick!" exclaimed Joe anxiously. "Hear!"

There was shouting and singing in the distance towards the mines.

"Ugh! dlunk!" ejaculated Joe with a grunt of disgust.

Helen ran after the Indian through the sand. When they reached a clump of cacti of a proportion to shelter them, he paused and allowed her to rest for an instant, and so on from clump to clump until they reached a long stretch of them, that turned, twisted, and zigzagged until they brought flat up against an old adobe ruin of an ancient pueblo. In one of their rests they saw the miners appear with torches, and surround the house, and finally rush into it.

"Thank God, that baby and I are not there!" exclaimed Helen fervently.

"You glad Joe say go?" he asked.

"God bless you for it, Joe."

"Amen," he answered fervently.

"Albert, Albert, my love, where are you?" she cried and burst into tears.

Joe suddenly gave a sharp cry and pointed to the house. She looked. The miners were outside again, and the house was a mass of flames. As soon as they could safely resume their march they did

so, and at length reached the ruin. Helen was exhausted, and sank to the ground hopelessly. Joe laid the still sleeping baby in her arms. He straightened himself, and looked into the dark depth of the pueblo, and uttered a low, gentle cry. It was almost instantly answered by a like cry from within, and Oneta, the old woman Helen had seen before the house on the night of the baby's illness, appeared in the moonlight. There was a hurried conversation in an unknown tongue between herself and Joe.

"Like you to Lose, she to me," said Joe by way of introducing his mother. "She no die; alle lie. By light, she queen of big nation," he added proudly.

The woman helped Helen to her feet, and they ascended a ladder that conducted them to the top of the first terrace of the ancient pueblo. They entered a diminutive door in the next rise of the building, and were ushered into a comfortably furnished room, lighted by a burning rag floating in a cup of oil or fat. The walls were hung with a handsome Navahoe blanket or two, a looking-glass, some ears of corn, and various changes of wearing apparel. There was a great heap of grass from the pampas in a corner. Oneta threw a blanket over it and with many gestures gave Helen to understand in a voluble mixture of Indian and Spanish that it was at her service. Helen caught her child to her breast, with a moan of despair, and sank back on the blanket, and burst into a fit of wild, hysterical weeping. Joe looked at her in helpless amazement. Her Saxon abandon was beyond the comprehension of his stoical race. He said something to his mother and darted out of the room.

"Joe go bling man," said his mother soothingly.

The child was fretting, and Helen checked her own grief to soothe its cravings, and when the baby slept, she too fell asleep from sheer exhaustion.

A friendly miner rescued Albert from his peril, and carried him to a near by hut; he remained with him until he was restored to consciousness. The hut was all alight from the burning buildings.

"What light is that?" asked Albert in a startled voice.

The man told him. He staggered to his feet, but there was such a mad whirl in

his head, he fell back against the wall with a groan. Then the miners passed with torches, and were gone but a few moments when the hut they were in burst into flames. With the hope that he might reach his wife and child in time, at least to die with them, he rushed out, and followed the shrieking mob. He looked about for Calthrope, the man who had befriended him, but he had deserted. He staggered forward despairingly, and at last fell into a sand pit, unconscious again, and fortunately; for had he reached the house the infuriated men would undoubtedly have murdered him.

When his wandering senses returned he opened his eyes, and looked up into the sympathizing face of a soldier. He saw that he was under a tent, and that it was daylight.

"Where is my wife?" he cried wildly, sitting up suddenly.

"She has escaped, and is in hiding somewhere," answered Captain Allen. "The miners declare that she was not in the house when they reached it. The men are out in search of her, and may return with her any moment. Rest quietly a little longer, and you will be able to assist us in the search. You will gain nothing, and lose much by impatience. Lie on your left side, and let the

surgeon dress that ugly wound in your head."

Albert turned with a groan. A strange peace fell on his troubled spirit, and he felt himself float into oblivion.

When Helen awakened it was broad day, and the sun was streaming through the small windows of the pueblo. She started up, feeling self-reproachful to think that she could sleep at all. The Indian woman sat across the room feeding the baby some sort of a pap she had managed to manufacture, and the child seemed to relish keenly. She never knew just how it happened, but a moment later she heard familiar footsteps approaching, and the next instant she was in her husband's arms shrieking in a wild ecstasy of relief. Then she was conscious that a number of soldiers were also in the room, and that Joe was with them, dancing about with the delighted baby.

That night they were safely housed at the nearest military post, and in a few days were enough recovered from their terrible experience to leave for the East. The last person they saw as the train left the station was Joe, Joe who had a mighty scorn for their dollars, and accepted their gratitude with a kingly nonchalance.

THE WHEEL OF TIME

The Wheel of Time, I thought, was wondrous kind;

It bore me on, my lost Joy to regain;

But when with eager steps I reached the place,

And when the veil was lifted from its face,

Oh, tragic Time! 'twas no more Joy, but Pain.

Most cruel seemed to me the Wheel of Time,

When, after years of peace without alloy,
Its motion swept me to my long-lost Grief;

Then, facing it, despairing of relief,

Oh, magic Time! 'twas no more Grief, but Joy.

Janet Remington.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF THE CENTURY

BY DR. EDWARD EVERETT HALE

A CENTURY OF HARVARD COLLEGE

IT does not appear that in 1736 or in 1738 anybody cared for the centennial anniversary of the birth of Harvard College.

Indeed one may say in a parenthesis that the interest in centennial celebrations seems to belong to our generation. I left the Boston Latin School in 1835. It was just two centuries from the foundation of the school. What is more, we knew it was just two centuries. But I am quite sure that no reference to that rather curious fact was made in any of the exercises of the school exhibition at which we graduated. Perhaps a more curious illustration of indifference to such things, is in the fact that 1775 was the centennial anniversary of the year in which Philip, the chief of the Wampanoags, came within an ace of wiping English civilization off from New England. I do not remember that in any of the passionate appeals of 1775 any reference is made to the fact that a hundred years before the same colonies were girding up their strength for a war much more critical than was the war with George III.

But in 1836, under the lead of President Quincy, I suppose, the college celebrated with great éclat its second century, and in 1888 a quarter-millennial was celebrated. In connection with these two occasions, every effort was made to bring up traces of its early history. But it is worthy of remark that up to the present moment nobody seems to have any adequate idea as to what were the college studies of the first century, or indeed of the first half of the eighteenth century.

There are plenty of anecdotes about the drunkenness of the boys at Commencement, about the whipping of bad boys, there are even statistics of the sort of bread and butter which they had. But it is very hard to tell what they studied or how they studied it.

Of the present century, however, we know more. We know that at the beginning of the century, the college shared the extreme poverty of all New England. That poverty had this merit, that people did not know they were poor, but thought they were prosperous. And as wealth and poverty are purely comparative, they were just as well off as we are. It is, however, true that, at about the period when this century came in, the whole tract of land between the present college yard and the crest of the hill which rises to the south-east of the yard was offered to the college for five thousand dollars. It would be easier for President Elliot to collect five million dollars to-day than it would have been for the president of that time to collect five thousand dollars to buy that land. If some angel had dropped a nugget worth five thousand dollars into the yard, and the president of the day had carried it the next morning to buy this matchless property, the college would now have a campus equal to that of any of its western sisters.

I find from the catalogue that in 1800, beside the president, there were five professors and six tutors. Some of the instructors, so-called, were paid simply what the pupils paid them in fees. Albert Gallatin was in this way an instruc-

tor in French, but his name did not appear in the treasurer's books, and for this reason it did not for some time appear in the catalogue. It is clear enough from the accounts which different persons give of the methods of instruction that they were not equal to those of our better high-schools to-day. Mr. Edward Everett, in a very amusing paper on his college life says that in the years between 1807 and 1811 the standard, compared with that fifty years later, was extremely low. "The intense political excitement of the Revolutionary period," he says, "seems to have unsettled the minds of men from the quiet pursuits of life." Coming later down, we come to Dr. Andrew Peabody's little book. A little before his death he wrote a very amusing book of his college reminiscences of those days, which show a certain Spartan simplicity of life, such as it would be hard to match to-day in any college in the United States.

The era of a determination that the college should be elevated from the somewhat wooden arrangements of a poor school into an institution where young men could really be trained for the duties of men, may be roughly marked by the inauguration of John Thornton Kirkland as president of the college. Kirkland was an accomplished scholar, he had the advantages of life in the excellent social circles of the Boston of his time. The appointment of Doctor Kirkland marked a determination that the college should lead in the higher education of America.

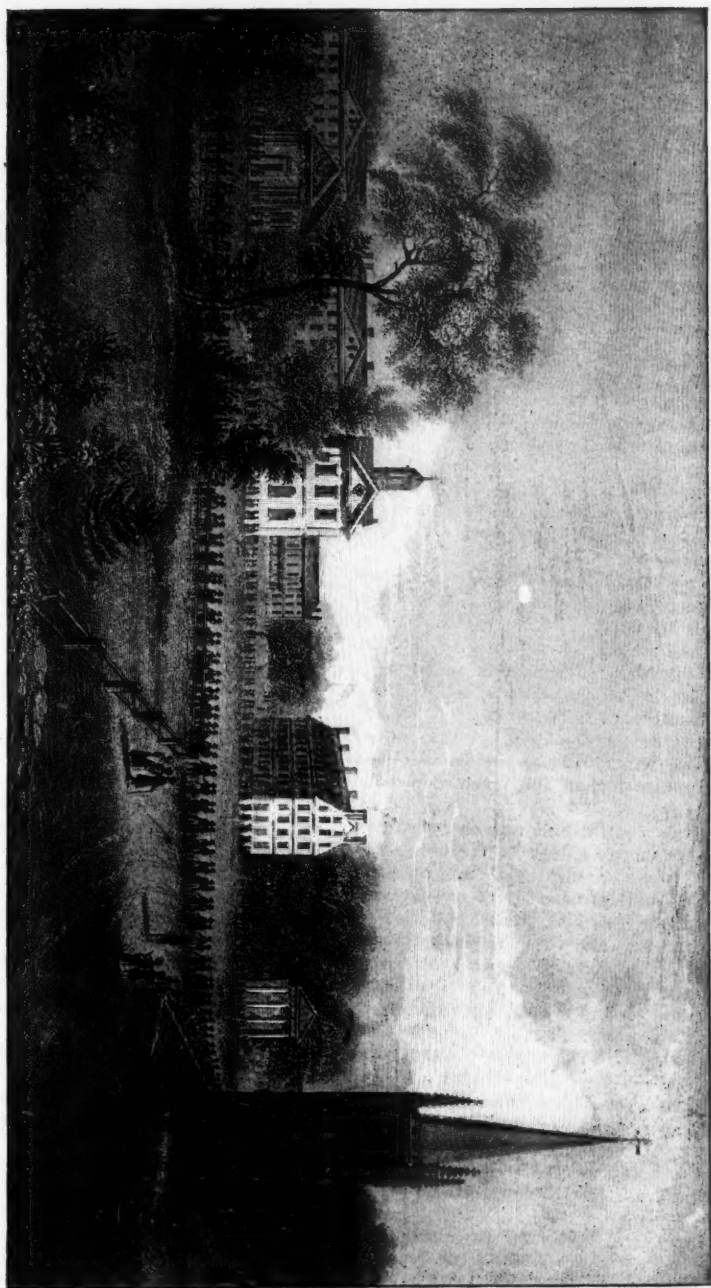
I have referred to these authorities simply to call the attention of curious people to the gradual steps by which the college, through the first half of the century, emerged from the condition of what we should call a somewhat insignificant high school. The appointment of Doctor Kirkland seems to have marked a decided epoch. That is to say, the rich men of Boston meant to have a place, worthy of the new nation, where their sons could be educated. Enough of these gentlemen knew what such an education was, and they were willing to give the money which should elevate this school to a higher plane. With the enlargement of its resources, and with the character of the men who were teachers, everything changed. Little details as to the manner of life changed, also, and gradually, be-

tween the year 1800 and the year 1897, the whole external method of life has changed at Cambridge. I was in college between the years 1835 and 1839, when this change was already in progress, but before the college had attained the conditions of to-day. For a little instance, which is a convenient one,—I remember that most of my older friends were surprised when they were told that I was to have a carpet in my room. To the minds of people who had not known what college life was within the ten years before, a carpet was entirely out of place in a college room. I am quite sure that there was not a piano-forte in any undergraduate's room. And a curious illustration of life elsewhere appeared one day when Mr. Lovering in lecturing spoke of billiard balls and their movement on the table. More than half of the members of my class had never seen a billiard ball. Doctor Peabody has given some details of the last experiences of the "Buttery." This was the place to which students went for a mug of milk, some rolls of bread, and a piece of butter, from which the breakfast and the supper of the undergraduate was made, in his own room.

The buttery was a shed at the east end of Harvard Hall. Till lately some trace of its roof could be seen on the eastern wall of that building.

At Commons, that is, in Doctor Peabody's day, and in the days of the older graduates whom I knew best, no meal was served excepting dinner. A like simplicity prevailed in many other matters, the forms of which in some cases were borrowed from the methods of the English colleges and in some from those of a log-cabin.

On the other hand, there were some traditions of academic life which would be considered now formal or quaint. No person could appear in a recitation-room or at chapel who was not dressed in black, or in what was called "black mixed" in the regulations. This rule was quite strictly enforced in the earlier part of my college life, but we emerged from it so far that in 1835 and 1839 there came in a fashion, in summer of wearing hunting shirts of every conceivable color; and these were permitted by what we called the parietal board, the board which managed such details.



Harvard University with the Procession of the Alumni from the Church to the Pavilion, September 8, 1836.

The central building in those days was what was then, as now, known as University. It had been built from the proceeds of a lottery granted by the state government in the year 1814. The college chapel occupied the middle of the building, and the ground floor furnished four halls for commons. On the original plan, one was for the students of each class. Above the ground floor, at one end, were some recitation-rooms and one or two rooms of a good deal of elegance, intended for the corporation of the college; at the other end all the rooms were for recitations. This gave ten recitation-rooms for most of the work of the university; and when I say that, with hardly an exception, these ten rooms sufficed for almost all the lectures with which I had anything to do in college, the student of to-day will be able to see how limited in practice was the course of study which we went through. The modern language classes met in the lower story of Massachusetts.

In my time, however, the attendance at commons had become so small that two rooms accommodated all the four classes, and the middle rooms were used for the convenience of the meetings of students and in day-times, perhaps, for exercises in elocution, perhaps where a whole class went in for mathematics, or for any other purpose which demanded some room rather larger than the recitation-rooms up-stairs.

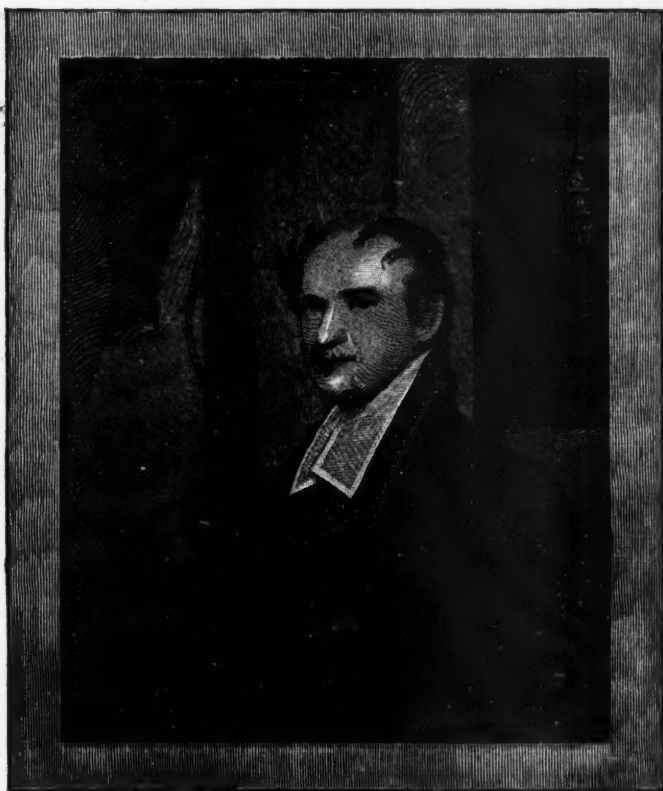
To this central building, on an August Monday morning of 1835, there came together some seventy boys from all parts of the country, most of them, however, from New England. Railroads were in their infancy, and I remember that Longfellow of my class rode in a chaise from Portland to Cambridge, and arrived a little late on the critical morning of examination, because he and his father had been obliged to ride twenty miles that day. In another chaise, I think with his father also, was Hayes of our class, who afterwards owned railroads enough to carry half the armies of the world around the world any day he chose. These students I remember, because I myself arrived among the later boys who were present, having driven out from Boston in a chaise, with my older brother, who that year would become a sophomore.

The examination began between six and seven in the morning and lasted till six the same evening; it began again at six the next morning and lasted till two, and we then loafed in the college yard until we were called in to know our fate to what was then called the "corporation parlor," in which the president and faculty were sitting.

I remember little of that examination, but one matter has lain in my mind ever since,—that in a class-room where fourteen boys were present, nobody knew which was the more northerly, Amsterdam or London. The result of the examination was that seven or eight were absolutely rejected, about as many were accepted without conditions, and the rest of the class had some matters in which they were defective, which they were obliged to make up in the course of the first term.

In looking over the requisitions of that day, and comparing them with those now, I doubt whether the demand to-day is much more severe than it was then. But the demands of that day were confined wholly to the classics and mathematics, with some such exceptions as a few questions in geography, perhaps, which now they sweep rather more widely. But I am disposed to think that the average boy could be fitted to pass the examination of to-day as easily as that of 1835, and I believe that the figures show that the average age of entrance is about the same as it was then. I mention this because I find there is a contrary impression in general conversation about Harvard.

Once admitted, life was very much more mechanical than it is at Cambridge now. The freshman class was divided into three sections, according to the success with which boys had passed their examinations. That is, the scholars who had passed best were in the third section, those who were least successful were in the first section, and the midway people were in the second section. This order was changed from time to time, through the freshman year, according to the results of the work done. We were made to read Livy and Xenophon, easier Latin and Greek by far than that which we had dealt with in our preliminary study. Those of us who had been well fitted loafed in proportion to the excellence of



John Thornton Kirkland.

our preparation. But nobody knew, and nobody cared, whether we wasted our time or not. Nothing else was offered us to do in the time which we did not have to use in preparation for recitation. The interesting part of the year's work,—and this will seem strange to some readers,—was the mathematical part. Benjamin Peirce, so distinguished since as one of the leading mathematicians of the age, had recently been appointed the professor of that subject. He was not above taking charge of freshmen, and the whole class went in to recite to him on five days in the week. It was the fashion afterwards to say that the steps of his ladder were so far apart that no-one could go up who had not a remarkable gift in that line. I do not think this was fair; I think it would be more fair to say that he had a

great many more pupils entrusted to him than ever should be given to the direction of one man. I doubt if, in any respectable college now, the professor would be expected to handle seventy freshmen in mathematics, and to oversee their personal work, at one time. What is certain is that those of us who cared anything about the subject became very much attached to him, and have felt ever since the benefits which we derived from being entrusted in our work to a first-rate man.

They are just getting back at Cambridge to one of the luxuries which we enjoyed then,—that of turning in young and inexperienced students to a well-equipped library which they may handle at their will. The college library had then perhaps fifty thousand volumes, more or less. This seems, as compared



"The Yard," Harvard University, 1897.

with the collection of to-day, very small. But fifty thousand books were a great many more than any of us had ever handled before, and the absolute freedom with which we were permitted to range through the alcoves, to take down what



First Seal of Harvard University.

we chose, to read much or little as we chose, made that library a favorite place of resort to persons of any ambition or intelligence. And I should say that most of the college men of that time look back to this free use of books as among the great advantages of the four years of life there.

After the trial of a restrictive system for a generation, the establishment of a new reading-room at Cambridge has opened up the same advantage to the students of to-day. That is to say, the more recondite books, those which are to be consulted only by people who are working up subjects that need every authority, are kept in the stacks, to be sent for by persons who are entitled to use them. But in the alcoves of the general reading-room there are arranged so many of the more general books in the literature of the world that anybody who has half an hour at Cambridge has no right to waste it. At Sybaris, when Colonel Ingham visited it, he found that the public library was kept open from an hour before one o'clock in the morning of the first of January till after midnight on the 31st of December. They are not yet quite up to this mark at Cambridge, but they open their library in the evening, and anybody who wants to spend thirteen hours a day there has that privilege.

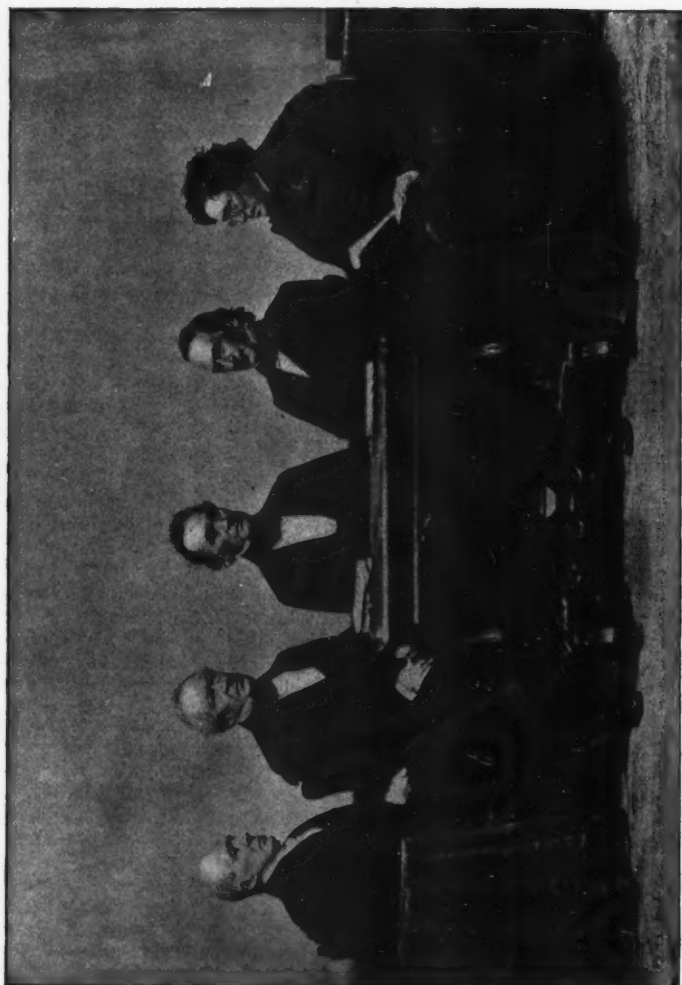
Cambridge was then very much more a country village surrounded by woods, ponds, and marshes than is any college

town in New England. I have collected wild flowers in my botanizing in Cambridge, within a quarter of a mile of my college room. I had a garden assigned me by the authorities, in which in my junior and senior years. I planted such annuals and such small fruits as were possible on a plot eighteen feet by thirty-six. And we took out our pistols to fire at a mark where are now large dormitory buildings for undergraduates. Life took on for all the summer months, a good deal more of an out-door aspect than is quite possible even to adventurous men to-day. For with the growth of a great city like Boston, most of the luxuries of country life must be abandoned. We founded the Natural History Society when I was there, and the enthusiasts who were interested in it ranged over sea and land on a radius of nearly ten miles, so that there were very few localities for plants, or for that matter for shell-fish or butterflies, with which we were not more or less acquainted. Doctor Webster of the mineralogical department and Doctor Harris, the librarian of the college, were both friendly in helping us in such studies. The attention given to them in the curriculum was almost nothing, but the opportunities for out-door amusement and work were enough to tempt us very largely into such exercises in the open air. A few men had what we then called fowling-pieces, powder and shot, and there were birds enough left in eastern Massachusetts to encourage the use of them. We played cricket very badly, we played an old-fashioned game of football



Seal Now Used by the University.

and base ball, though with none of the organization and with no thought of practice, or competition with anybody else. Oddly enough, boats were stiffly prohibited by the faculty, and any effort in the line of boating was suppressed at



From a photograph taken about 1861.

FIVE HARVARD PRESIDENTS.

Josiah Quincy,
1829-45.

Edward Everett,
1846-49.

Jared Sparks,
1849-53.

James Walker,
1853-60.

C. C. Felton,
1860-62.

once. The joke used to be that there was a regulation that no student should keep a dog, horse, or other animal, and that a boat was agreed to be an animal. The footballs were provided by the freshman class; the first thing you were told on your entrance was that you must subscribe twenty-five cents for the footballs. You did this, and paid the money to a man who was called "the regent's freshman." Not that there was any regent; and so far as anybody knew there had never been any regent. But "the regent's freshman" lived at the eastern end of Massachusetts Hall and he had two duties. One was to provide the footballs for anybody who wanted to play. The other was to enter the names of people who returned at eight o'clock Saturday evening. He had a little window which you went and knocked at, and you entered your name and the name of any other fellow who had asked you to enter his. Stories were told of the energy with which men rode out on horseback to enter the names of a dozen or fifteen friends who had asked them to do this service. The regent's freshman was generally a good-natured fellow, who kept his window open after eight o'clock; but you could not rely upon this.

With the exception of this Saturday afternoon, we were expected to be present at chapel every morning at six, and every evening at six, if the sun were up. But as the sun passed those hours on either side, chapel was put later or earlier. It had proved that it was impossible to keep the chapel lighted with candles, as was the fashion of the day. Men would put out the candles; they would cut off the tops of them and put a plate of tin over the candle. It will be seen readily that in the middle of winter chapel came as late as half past seven and as early as half past four. Commons were served an hour and a quarter after morning chapel and immediately after chapel in the evening. This means that in the winter you had your breakfast, dinner and supper within a limit of about eight hours. You then went off to your room and lighted up, and you read Locke or Carlyle or the British Poets or Miss Austen's novels till you chose to go to bed, unless you had some one of the three tasks of the day provided for you, or un-

less there was a meeting of a college society.

There lingered in my time some of the older traditions, which we handed down, with improvements such as we thought desirable. There were a few physical objects which were called *transmittenda*, of which I find there is now no remembrance at Cambridge. In my own room were some iron staples which were said to have been driven for hammocks in the Revolution. The College House of to-day preserves the name of two wooden buildings which were called College House Number One, and College House Number Two. I think one of these had been a tavern. The legend was (I rather think it was true) that one of these buildings had been haunted, and that for this reason it did not easily find a purchaser. The college authorities had therefore bought it for a sum infinitely small, and had ordered into it a sufficient number of freshmen and sophomores to dispossess any ghosts who had a foothold there. There was, and I think is still, near Mount Auburn, a sandy spot, of which, however, I find the history is not known to the people of to-day. The reason no grass could grow there was that in former days some students who had gone far enough in their studies of the black art, succeeded in calling up the devil there. When he appeared they were awfully frightened, and only one of their number was able to speed his way back to the president's house and tell him of the catastrophe. The president promptly proceeded to the spot and exorcised the devil. But no grass has ever grown on the place from that day to this. I am told that the devil has never since appeared in Cambridge, that the atmosphere is now too cold.

Strange to say, we knew absolutely nothing of the early antiquities of the college. Mr. Davis has of late years done a great deal to open the eyes of everybody in this matter; but it was long after I left college that I knew that the house of the first president was standing, and where it was. There were one or two old prints in the college library of the college buildings as they existed in the last century, but I think at that moment there was nobody in Cambridge who knew, or who cared, where had stood the first college building

for which such pathetic subscriptions are recorded in the college history. There is, as Mr. Davis tells me, no drawing of this simple building.

Doctor Kirkland's administration lasted about twenty years. A slight stroke of paralysis gave warning that he must retire. He has been followed by Josiah Quincy, whose administration lasted till 1845, Edward Everett, Jared Sparks,

James Walker, Cornelius Conway Tilton and Charles William Elliot. His administration, fortunately for the college, has lasted more than a quarter century. In each of these terms of service the little college of the first year of the century has been enlarged and improved, and to-day the university is one of the leading institutions in the world of letters.

(Continuation of Dr. Hale's Reminiscences in the July number.)

WHENCE AND WHY?

A honey-bee paused in his flight
To sip from the flower at my feet.
I followed him home ere the night
And knocked at his cosy retreat.
"A question or two, my good friend,
I crave your permission to ask:
Have you second-hand wisdom to lend
To help a blind worm in his task?"

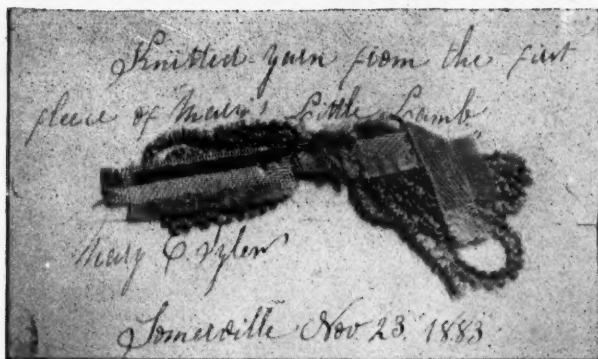
"Whence cometh your courage to dare
The uncharted fields where you roam?
The wisdom that governs you there?
The faith that safe-pilots you home?
In bondage to build and to save,
What profits your harvest when won?
To hunger and shelter a slave,
Why sing at your task in the sun?"

"Aye, surely, poor worm, they are
blind,"—

My good friend the bee made reply,—
"Who grope in earth-caverns to find
The light that is born in the sky;
Who seek thus to grasp with the hand
A fragrance—the breath of the rose,
A sunbeam, regilding the land,
Each wandering wind as it goes!"

"We practise the little we know;
The world-voice we hear and obey;
The May blossoms follow the snow,
And summer-songs gladden the way.
Our courage is born with the task;
Our wisdom is given our need;
Our faith is our own—and we ask
No questions,—go thou and God-
speed!"

John Howard Jewett.



Card on Which is Attached a Piece of the Yarn Knit from the First Fleece of Mary's Little Lamb.

THE TRUE STORY OF MARY AND HER LITTLE LAMB

BY E. A. WARREN.

IN the pretty little Massachusetts town of Sterling, or as it was called by the Indians Woonshauxet, which at one time formed a part of old Lancaster, in the county of Worcester, Mary E. Sawyer was born on the 22d of March, 1806.

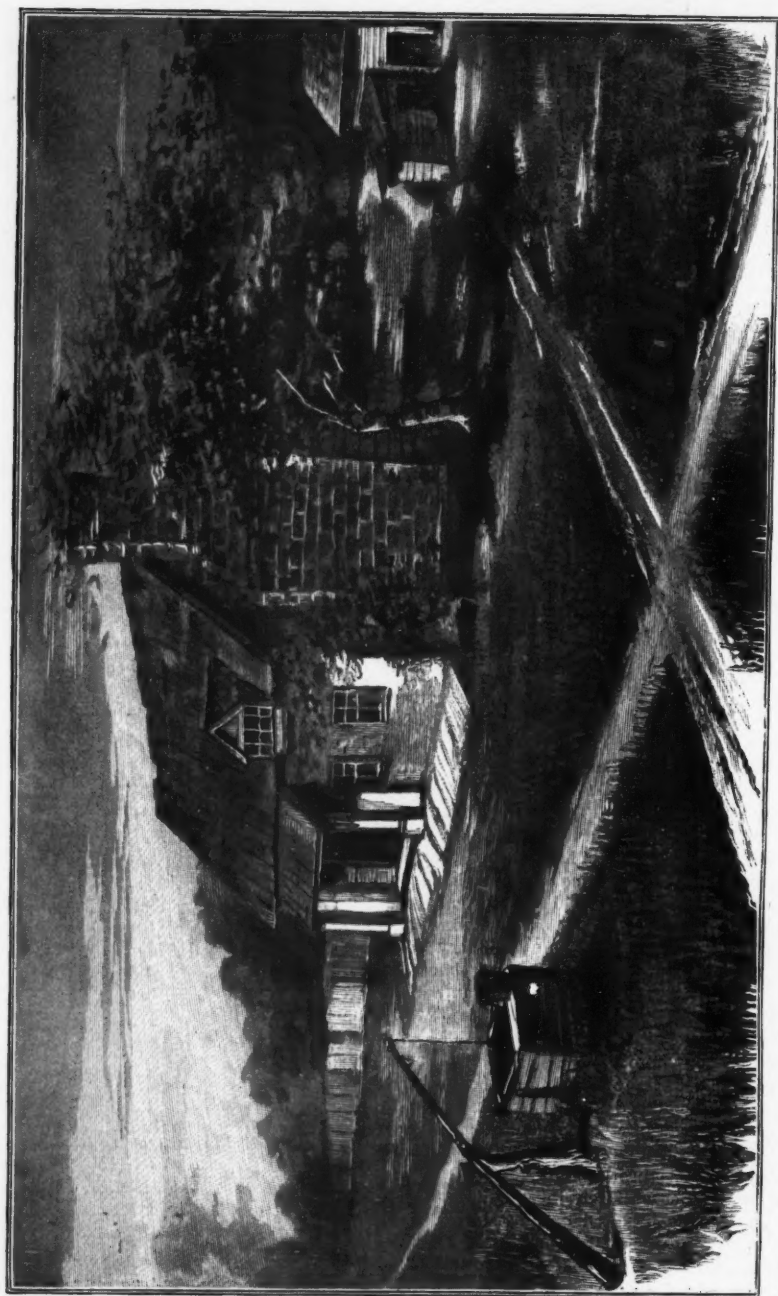
Her ancestors, the Sawyers, the Prescotts and the Houghtons, were among the first settlers in the town and from this stock many eminent men have descended, among them being the historian, Prescott. Her father, a son of an officer in the revolution, was a hard working, matter of fact farmer, who was noted for his dislike to Torys, while her mother was a gentle and loving woman of the old New England type. The old homestead in which Mary was born was built by Thomas Sawyer and was a one story and a half wooden building that set back a little from the main road. In front, just across this thoroughfare was the well with its old fashioned sweep, while at the left on the other side of a cross road stood the barn to which had been built a good-sized shed and extending from this shed was the sheep pen.

The red stone schoolhouse which Mary and her brothers and sisters as well as the other children in the district attended, was situated on the side of the road leading from Sterling to the parent town of Lancaster, on Red Stone hill, distanced about a quarter of a mile from the Sawyer farm. The teacher of this school

at the time of the lamb adventure was Miss Polly Kimball, mother of Mr. Loring, proprietor of the well-known Loring circulating library of Boston.

The incident that led to the writing of the famous verses entitled, "Mary Had a Little Lamb," was told by the heroine of the story as follows:—

"The lamb episode occurred in the village of Sterling near Worcester. I was always very fond of animals, and from the time I could toddle out to the barn, I was with the dumb animals not a little of the time. One cold, bleak, March morning I went out with father, and after the cows had been fed we went to the sheep pen, and found two lambs which had been born in the night. One of them had been forsaken by its mother, and through neglect was about dead from cold and for want of food. I saw it had a little life and wanted to take it into the house, but father said no; it was about dead anyway, and at the best could live but a short time. But I couldn't bear to see the poor little thing suffer, and I teased until I got it into the house, and then I worked upon mother's sympathies. It could not at first swallow, and the catnip tea I had mother make for my very sick friend it could not take for a long time. I got the lamb warm the first thing, which was done by wrapping her in an old garment and holding her in my arms beside the fireside. All day long I



The Old Homestead In Which Mary Was Born.

nursed the lamb, and at night it could swallow just a little. But I wasn't then satisfied it would live and I sat up all night with it, fearing it wouldn't be warm enough unless there was some one there to look out for its comfort. In the morning, to my girlish delight, it could stand; then it improved rapidly, soon learned to drink milk, and from the time it could walk about it would follow me anywhere if I only called it. We roamed the fields together, and were in fact companions and fast friends.

good idea, and I consented, and she followed along right behind me.

When the schoolhouse was reached the teacher had not arrived, and but few scholars were there. Then I began to think what I should do with the lamb while school was in session. I took her down to my seat—you know we had old-fashioned, high, boarded up seats then. Well, I put the lamb under the seat, put on her blanket and she laid down just as quietly as could be. By and by I had to go out to recite and left the lamb all right



Mrs. Mary E. Tyler.

The fleece of the lamb was of the finest and whitest and I would comb it every day and tie the wool with bright ribbons and dress it up in pantalets and a shawl. The day the lamb went to school I hadn't seen her previous to starting off and not wanting to go without getting her I called. She readily recognized my voice and soon I heard a faint bleating way down the field. More and more distinctly I could hear it, and I knew my pet was coming to meet me. My brother Nathaniel said: "Let's take the lamb to school with us." I thought it would be a

but in a moment there was a clatter, clatter on the floor, and I knew it was the pattering of the hoofs of my lamb. The teacher laughed outright, and of course all the children giggled. I took the lamb out and put it in a shed until I was ready to go home at noon, when it followed me back.

Visiting the school that forenoon was a young man named John Roulstone, a nephew of Rev. Lemuel Capin, who was then settled in Sterling, and with whom the young man was preparing to enter Harvard college. Young Roulstone, who

died of consumption before the end of the freshman year, was very much pleased with the school incident, and the next day he rode across the fields on horseback, came to the little old schoolhouse and handed me a slip of paper, which had written upon it three verses, which are the original lines, but since then there have been two verses added by a Mrs. Hale.

"Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.

It followed her to school one day,
Which was against the rule;
It made the children laugh and play
To see a lamb at school.

And so the teacher turned it out,
But still it lingered near,
And waited patiently about,
Till Mary did appear."

The death of my pet took place on Thanksgiving day.

We were all out in the barn, where the lamb had followed me. It ran right in front of the cows fastened in the stanchions that extended along the feedbox. One of the creatures gave its head a toss, then lowered its horns and gored my lamb, which gave a piercing, agonizing bleat and came toward me with the blood streaming from its side. I took it in my arms, placed its head in my lap and there it bled to death. During its dying moments it would turn its little head, look up into my face in a most appealing manner, as though it would ask, if it could, if there was not something that I could do for it. It was a sorrowful moment for me, for the companion of many of my romps, my playfellow of many a long summer's day, had given up its life, and its place could not be filled in my childish heart."

Mrs. Tyler speaks of a Mrs. Hale adding several lines to the three original verses, and some one at one time, claimed the whole poem for Mrs. Hale, but we trust that this narrative, as told by Mrs. Tyler, may settle the authorship. A letter received recently from a nephew now nearly seventy years of age, writes of having "not only Aunt Mary, but his

grandmother and Uncle Nat tell him the story when a little boy, and his Uncle Nat was the one who shew him where the lamb was found by Aunt Mary." The nephew says, "we went to school where Mary and the lamb went, and as we remember the fun loving brother Nat, we can easily understand his suggestion."

To all who knew Mrs. Tyler, not a doubt would enter their minds of the authenticity of her story, though during her life, with her characteristic modesty, she would not countenance any controversy, but did at one time at the earnest



Mary's Mother.

solicitations of a correspondent of the press, after the Old South Fair had made the story so popular, give its history for publication.

After her school days were over, Miss Sawyer taught school in Fitchburg, Mass., and later became matron of the Mc'Lean Asylum in Somerville, where she made many friends, and entered upon a sphere of great usefulness. One lady speaks of her thus: "Her skill in housewifery told of the olden days, and her gentle touch with the sick or the disor-

dered mind, made her truly an angel in the house."

Here she met Mr. Columbus Tyler, the honored steward of the Institution, and they were married in 1835 in the parlor of the old homestead at Sterling. During her sojourn at the asylum, a period of some thirty-five years, she interested herself in many outside affairs and was one of the women, who was instrumental in raising funds to complete Bunker Hill Monument, and she was very active in the Sanitary Fair held for the soldiers in the civil war. She and her husband were among the first founders of the Unitarian Church in Somerville. Having no children of her own, she was always interested in the young and was seldom if ever, when in their own home, without some young person with her, and she allowed the neighbors' little ones to ramble at will through her beautiful house and grounds. In reference to children she said to the writer: "If one wishes to keep young in spirit they must associate with the young, and be interested in them." This fact was exemplified by the loving care with which she superintended the infant class in the Sunday school, till obliged to relinquish it, a few years before her death.

She heard with modest surprise, of her publicity in the story of herself and the lamb. Being in Boston at the time of the Old South fair, some of the leaders asked Mrs. Tyler, "what shall we do to amuse and interest the children who may come here?" At their earnest request, she consented to go every day at a certain hour, and in a side room of the building, tell the story of her lamb, to the children, and give to each of them a little silken knot of yarn from the fleece of the lamb. By this means she added to the fund of the fair many hundreds of dollars and indeed, this work did not stop with the close of the fair, but for months every now and then, letters would come from far and near, asking for a piece of the yarn.

She unravelled out the stockings and attached small pieces to cards bearing her autograph which she sold for the benefit of the Old South. The receipt of these letters was a source of pleasure to her, but occasionally one would come that she would pay no attention to, a request was all right, but when a demand came, it was quietly laid aside. We asked her to leave

one of the stockings, (she had two pairs knitted from the lamb's first fleece), to be kept in the family, not only for its historical value, but as a memento of the loved grandmother who knit them, and for their beauty of workmanship, for they were as evenly and beautifully knit as any woven ones could be; but ere we were aware, all that was left, was a few of the cards. The writer of this article, was fortunate to come into possession of one.

This sale of mementos took place while she and her husband were living quietly in their own spacious and delightful home, on Spring Hill, Somerville. The building of this house, the arranging and beautifying of the grounds, for this their home, was a source of much pleasure and enjoyment to them. But it was particularly among her flowers, Mrs. Tyler loved to be, and it seemed as if they knew her, for nearly everything she planted and tended, lived, budded, bloomed, and shed its fragrance for her. Her collection of plants were not confined to cultivated specimens but those taken from the woods, particularly the ferns, were carefully looked after. She made bouquets with the skill of an artist, her vases were filled every day, and she loved to remember the birthdays and other anniversaries of her friends with flowers gathered and arranged by herself. "She possessed not only the feminine graces of a rare housekeeper, and the love of artistic flower gardening, but also a deeply religious nature and a fine judgment, while the serenity and purity of her character increased with her age. Her courage in endurance of pain, and her unwillingness to tax too much the sympathy of her friends, were observed by her physician as something extraordinary." Such was the tribute of friends. We must not forget her musical talent, for she belonged to a family of fine musical tastes, and was herself possessed of a powerful soprano voice.

It can truly be said of her, "She stretched out her hands to the poor; yea she reacheth forth her hands to the needy. She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness." No one could come in contact with her, without being impressed with her strong personality, and feel it was indeed a privilege to know her, and be numbered among her friends.

UNCLE BILLY ON OZONE

BY WINTHROP PACKARD

"**M**AYBE it's what folks call ozone that's in this town," said Uncle Billy as he took a seat on our front porch; "and maybe it aint, but there's some sort of wickedness that leaks into your system up here. If you're born here you get it young and don't fully realize it yourself, but it's plain enough to all your neighbors.

"How does it affect people?" he went on, with evident enjoyment of his audience; "Oh good many ways. Mostly it makes 'em 'pinlonated, and sometimes it makes 'em notional, and there's folks it affects both ways and then they have it bad.

"Now there's Wiggins, he's the 'pinlonated kind. He can do anything, he can; o-o-h yes. Thinks he knows more about hay than any one else in town. Always making his brags that he could load more hay and load it better than any other two men. We fixed him one day, though. Got him down in the big field with the three Sampsons pitching up to him. Right smart boys, them Sampsons, and the way them forkfuls of hay kept a rising up to Wiggins was a surprise to him. He never let on 't he wasn't all right though. Kept a calling out: 'More hay, more hay,' and the boys grinned and up she went. Pretty soon all you could see of Wiggins was his hands waving above the pile and hear him hollering for more hay jest as if he was beating them fellows all out, and then the load got so one sided that over goes about a ton of it onto the ground with Wiggins right in the middle of the heap.

"What are you down here for?" we asked, pretending to be powerful surprised.

"'More hay,' says he; 'Had to come down after more hay. You don't send it up half fast enough.'

"To this day that Wiggins will tell you how he beat them three Sampson boys

loading hay. But that's how that here ozone works on 'pinlonated people.

"Now he don't know anything about hay. It's fun to see him guess on it for weight. Why, there's people here will drive round that way with a load jest to see what fool guesses that man will make. You can't make him believe but what he's a master hand at guessin' though, so one day,—and this only shows how ozone works with 'pinlonated people—he had a streak of luck and did guess a load within one pound. Scranton pulled up in front of his door with a little jag and says: 'Wal, Wiggins, how much does this load weigh?' Wiggins looks it over and says, serious like: 'That load weighs jest one thousand eight hundred and fifty pounds.' Scranton goes on chucklin' to himself, and when he gets it onto the town scales banged if it don't weigh just one pound more, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-one. Tickled Scranton mightily to think the old man had guessed so near, and back he drives and pulls up in front of Wiggins's door.

"'Mr. Wiggins,' he says; 'You guessed that load within a pound. It weighs jest one thousand, eight hundred and fifty-one pounds.'

"Old man pleased? No sirree! You'd think some one had deceived him. He gets up and limps down to the road and walks all around that load of hay. Then he says, in a sort of injured way:—

"'Scranton,' he says; 'I can't see that other pound of hay.'

"Yes, that's the 'pinlonated kind.

"Then there's the notional sort. Them Leonard brothers were a little taken that way when they first came to town. Going to run their little saw-mill jest about as they pleased. If work was rushed they'd run it Sundays if they liked. By and by the ozone got in its work on 'em and then they'd run it Sundays anyway.

"If there wasn't but three days' work

in a week they'd start it on Friday or Saturday so as to get in a Sunday sure. Old parson he knew what ozone was and he let 'em alone, but when he passed to his reward and the new one come up here he was properly horrified and he undertook to reason with 'em about it.

"So one day, after services, he drove round by way of the saw-mill and there sure enough it was in full blast with Sam leanin' over the saw and shovin' in logs that come out box-boards at the other end where Bill was busy pilin' 'em away.

"Young parson waited till Sam turned round for another log, then he says, says he, in a very reprovin' sort of way:—

" 'Mr. Leonard,' he says: 'Do you know what day of the week it is?'

"Sam jest looks at him for a minute, then he turns and beckons to his brother in the other part of the shop.

" 'Say Bill,' he says; 'come over here and look at this. Here's somethin' come along don't know what day of the week Sunday is!'

"Young parson went off in a huff and the Leonards kept right on running taelr saw-mill 'bout as they liked. Yes, that's the way it works. Oh, them doctors can come up here and hang out blue paper and see it turn red over night and say it's ozone in the air and all that, but I say it's jest a kind of cussedness that leaks into your bones, that's what I say it is."

A TRINITY OF TRIADS

I.

Faith, Hope and Love together work in
gloom;
What Faith believes, Hope shapes in
form and bloom,
And Love sends forth to daylight from
the tomb.

II.

The Rain that wets the summer leaves,
The Beam that dries, the Wind that
heaves,
Each gives a charm, and each receives.

III.

Three growths from seeds without man's
call appear,
Grain, Flower, and Tree: One gives his
body's cheer;
One decks his bride; one yields his roof
and bier.

Edward Wilbur Mason.



The Swiss Chalet at the Top of Mount Tamalpais.

SOME RAILROAD ENGINEERING IN CALIFORNIA

BY MABEL C. CRAFT.

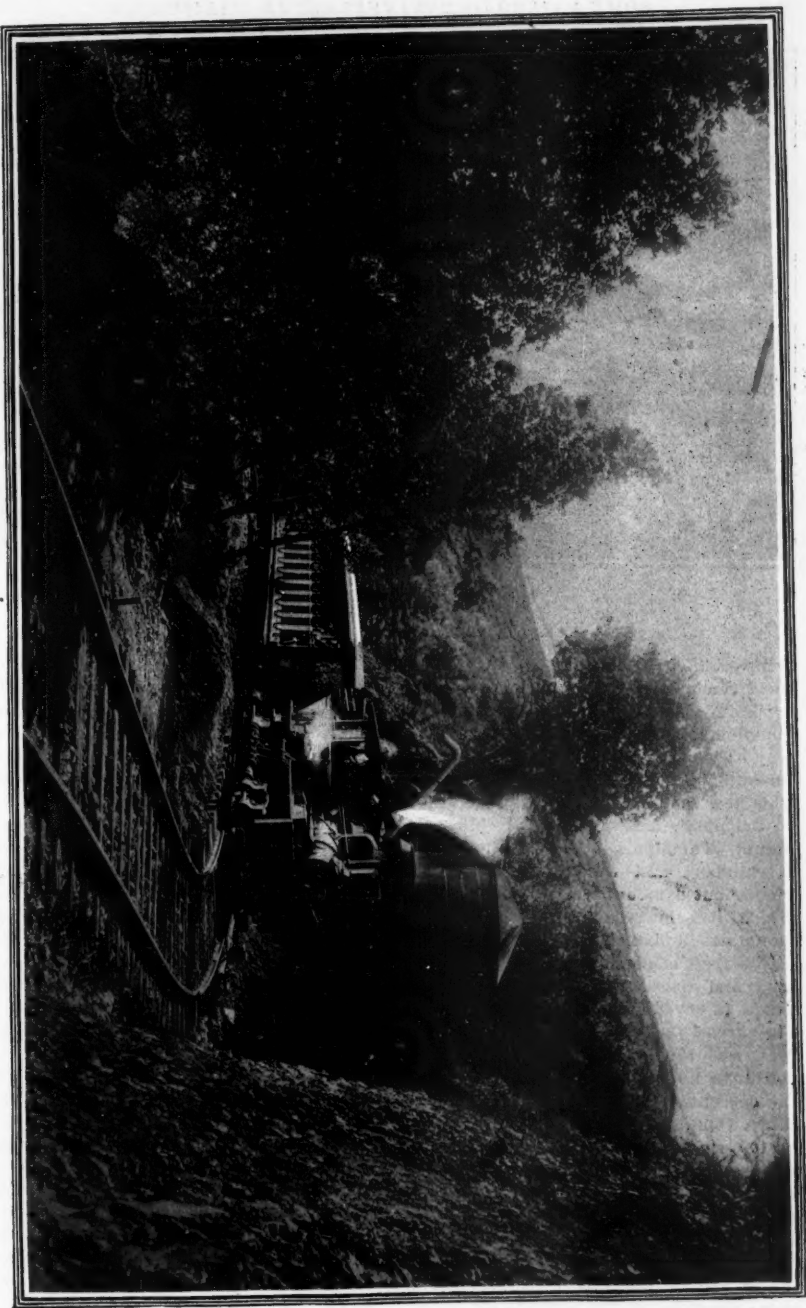
IT has been in the construction of mountain railroads that the greatest opportunities have offered themselves for the display of engineering skill. The ascent to-day of any one of the steep grade roads is evidence past question of just how successfully the craftsmen of the theodolite have embraced these opportunities. The Mt. Washington railway was the leader in point of date, of such enterprises. It was prospected and surveyed in 1868, the work being completed and the three miles of ascent being first traversed four years later in 1872. Since then it has been in continuous operation in the summer season without delays or accidents. Other mountain railroads that have come into existence following the Mt. Washington one, are those of Pike's Peak, Colorado; Mt. Mauchung, Pennsylvania; and Mt. Righi, Mt. Pilatus and Mt. Saleve in Switzerland.

The latest conquest of height and what by all odds will be the most wonderful and most scientifically remarkable achievement in mechanics, is the projection of a trolley line road up the lofty and majestic Jungfrau. A railroad, largely underground, has been surveyed and partially built to its highest peak, the work promising to near its completion sometime this summer. The projector of the Jungfrau Railroad is Herr Guyer-Zeller of Zurich, whose proposition when first placed before the Swiss government pro-

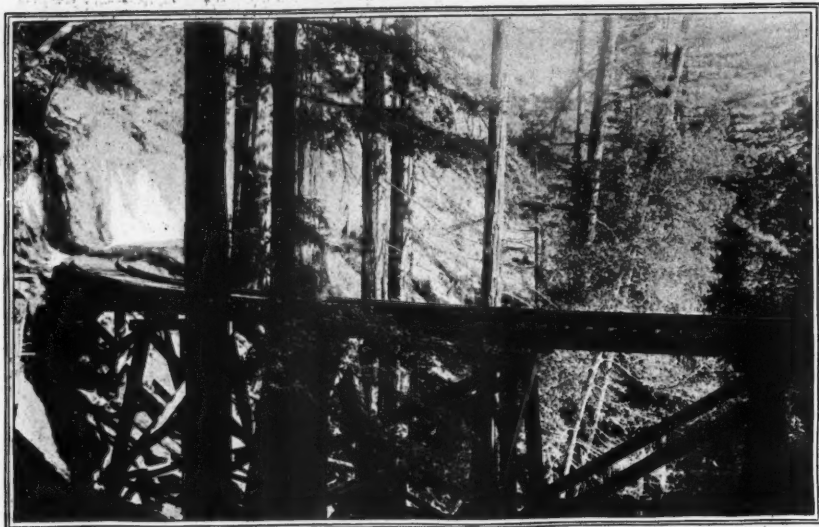
voked only unbounded astonishment and in many cases emphatic incredulity. But the man quickly put it in a new light when he explained that he meant to run his cars through a tunnel bored through the solid rocky heart of the mountain from the village of Scheidegg to the summit, and that the wild storms and perpetual snows of the upper levels could never interfere with its workings. The actual summit, which is an apex of rock shooting up some three hundred feet with a crown so narrow as to forbid a road bed ascending it, will be reached by an elevator which lifts the passenger straight up to the supreme point through a bored shaft in the solid rock. So the time is close at hand when the tourist, instead of spending \$40 to hire guides and a carrier for a two days' perilous journey on foot, will hereafter travel at his leisure in a well-lighted and well-heated trolley car with stations along the route at a round trip cost of only \$9.

But all this only by way of introduction to our more special subject, which concerns itself with the latest American achievement in the way of a mountain railroad.

Only an hour's distance from San Francisco at the end of a delightful journey by boat and train, the ferry crossing the Golden Gate, and skimming the fortified islands of Alcatraz and Angel, the railroad embroidering the green bay shore



The Only Level Place in the Mountain and the Only Stop in the Ascent.



A Trestle in the Redwoods.

with parallel threads of steel—one of the most remarkable pieces of mountain engineering in the country has just been completed. It is as great a feat in its way as was the subduing of Mount Lowe in southern California, several years ago. This new road, which has only been open to the public a few weeks, is called the Mount Tamalpais Scenic Railway and it clammers and winds like a creeping vine about a mountain in Marin County, which has long been a favorite with mountain climbers.

The road is eight and a quarter miles long and rises 2400 feet. The heaviest grade is seven per cent., and there are 270 curves, the longest tangent being 600 feet, and the shortest five. The ascent consumes an hour and forty minutes and the descent fifty minutes. In all the distance, there is but one level space where a stop can be made. This is a watering station and is the only breathing place in the whole ascent. All the way up the train moves so slowly that one could almost step off and on with the train in motion, were it not that good stopping places are extremely rare, as there is a sheer precipice on one side for the larger

part of the distance, and a precipitous bank on the other. The whole eight miles the road clings to the face of the mountain, winding like a serpent and apparently keeping its foothold with difficulty.

At first, a cogwheel road, similar to the Mount Lowe road, near Pasadena, was contemplated, but when it was found that a seven per cent. grade could be obtained, the idea was given up. The new equipment includes a locomotive of thirty tons, built expressly for this road at Erie, Pennsylvania. The new engine is immensely short and stocky, built like a fighter of low, square body, and the very embodiment of strength without grace. The power is applied to the axle between the wheels, and the engine is at the end of the train, pushing the cars before it in the up grade, and holding back carefully on the return to the lower regions. The road is standard gauge, with but a single track, as two trains with switches to pass, were not considered safe. The rugged side of the mountain rendered a double track impracticable. One of the ingenious devices is an electric brake, which is operated by the same motors which drive the cars up hill.



View from the top of Mount Tamulpaia showing the Complicated Loop.



A Steep Grade in the Mill Valley and Mount Tamalpais Scenic Railway.

The curves in the track are most remarkable. From the summit it looks as though a plummet had been dropped, and the road built wherever the end fell. At one point there are five linked loops, like tied ribbons, in a sheer ascent of only 480 feet. The line averages thirty curves to the mile, and most of them are very sharp. There are a great many trestles but no tunnels.

In scenic beauties, the line surpasses by far all the mountain roads in California. Mount Tamalpais is the sentinel which overlooks the whole of San Francisco Bay, casting a watchful eye at the ocean as well. It rises from a narrow neck of land and is plainly visible from San Francisco, its green physiognomy seared and scarred by an ancient landslide, which occurred long before the memory of the oldest inhabitant, and burned deep into the rock of the mountain side. The chaparral has never obliterated the old brand.

The mountain is heavily wooded at its base, deep and dark and ferny, with redwoods in a fringe of crimson and green, and heavy chaparral that makes it always night in the canons. During the upward windings of the road, which is an invasion of nature, there is a magnificent view of Marin County, Drake's and Richardson's Bay, Angel and Alcatraz Island,

the latter fortified like Gibraltar and bristling with guns, Fort Winfield Scott at the entrance to the Golden Gate, San Francisco County, almost covered by the city that has usurped its name. Alameda and Contra Costa Counties, flanked by rolling green foothills, and in the background, impressive Mount Diablo. The Coast Range is seen studded along like an emerald necklace, and miles beyond it, the distant snow-tipped peaks of the Sierra Nevadas can be seen on clear days. Turning your back on mountain and forest and looking out to sea, you catch a glimpse through the blue haze of the Tarrallones, many miles out in the Pacific.

For the last half mile of the way, the road follows a spur of the mountain, and the passenger takes his choice of two views—one wild, rugged and picturesque, the other rural, steeped in sunshine, and of the highest type of California cultivation.

At the end of the road there is an inn, built on the lines of a Swiss chalet. Above it, a few feet to climb, is the rock which marks the summit.

The color scheme from the mountain top is perfection, and the panorama of bay and bower one of the most beautiful in all California. Already the road is popular and Alpine stocks are vanishing from view on Tamalpais.

LIVING FASHION PLATES



Mrs. Caroline Miskel-Hoyt.

THE gown in which Mrs. Caroline Miskel-Hoyt is presented is a costume of pearl grey velvet. The skirt is a plain, five gored one lined throughout with green taffeta silk and finished at the bottom with a band of astrachan. The short jacket bodice is belted in and made with small coat sleeves and cuffs. The revers, collar and cuffs are all edged with the astrachan.

The vest is of shirred pink chiffon, with shoulder knots of the chiffon and pink taffeta ribbon with long ends. The hat of chiffon is trimmed with grey tips and pink roses. It is fastened at the side with a bow knot of taffeta ribbon passing under the chin. A pink chiffon parasol and white glacé gloves complete the effectiveness of a beautiful costume.

LIVING FASHION PLATES



Miss Ethel Haydon.

THE summer gown reproduced in illustration above is a white dotted muslin over a white silk slip. The skirt is a full round one finished at the bottom with a flounce of *point d'esprit* lace. The tight fitting bodice is made over silk lining same as the skirt and is trimmed only with a bertha of the muslin edged with a full ruche of the lace. The sleeves extend the full length to the wrists and are snug fitting, with small

puffs and finished with lace frills. The waist is girdled by a figured taffeta sash of considerable width. A white mull hat with full brim and crown, and black velvet strings form the headdress. Miss Haydon is the leading lady in one of the London stock companies and an actress of unusual talent and appreciation; she has not as yet appeared on this side of the Atlantic.

LIVING FASHION PLATES



Miss Lillian Bauvelt.

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MISS Lillian Bauvelt's costume in which she is represented in this photograph, is an evening gown of pink figured taffeta with a skirt of seven gores trimmed with narrow frills of pink chiffon, from hem to knees. The bodice is cut with a low, square neck, front and back, tight fitting, slightly pouched in the front and fastened at the

side. The decoration of the gown consists in a trimming of pearl passementerie together with frills of chiffon which finish the edge of the square neck. Short puff sleeves of silk same as the bodice, and white mousquetaire suede gloves. Miss Bauvelt is a member of this season's Metropolitan Opera Company.

LIVING FASHION PLATES



Miss Olga Nethersole.

PREDICTIONS to the contrary, the doom of the little cape has not yet come, and it still holds its own in the rank and file of outside garments. Yes, it is very short, very full, elaborately trimmed, and sometimes decorated with scarf ends of lace, chiffon or ribbon, but it is a cape all the same. The report that the Parisians have discarded this style of wrap in favor of one which is a compromise between a coat and a cape may be authentic, but the little cape bobs up among the new spring models in a very reassuring form. The dolman-shaped cape is much liked by middle-aged

women, and the round cape, with fichu ends falling almost to the bottom of the skirt, is decidedly novel and becoming to those who have the height to carry it off. But there is the little round cape in all sorts of materials, the prettiest being made of colored taffeta silk, covered with handsome lace, chiffon and net, and the neck ruchings are quite as high and full as they were in the winter. Brocaded and plain satins, embroidered with jet, are popular materials for the foundation, but the frills of mousseline de sole and lace are so much a part of the wrap that one is about as important as the other.

IS THE FRENCH REPUBLIC A FAILURE?

BY LEW VANDERPOOLE

FRENCH politics are daily discussed with as much carelessness and abandon as if the various ramifications of the subject were no more complex than the baking of beans. As a matter of fact, few things are less perfectly understood by the world at large, unless it be French women.

This is not altogether because the French press is to any great extent muzzled, but rather because it is a peculiarity of the newspapers of France to be silent on subjects which they know the people do not care to have aired. If he was speaking for his own countrymen, Talleyrand never said anything nearer to the truth than that "Speech is only given to man to disguise his thoughts;" for this perfectly describes the average Frenchman, who openly speaks least about the things he feels most.

It is this which has led nearly everybody into the mistake of believing that the people of France are satisfied with their present form of government. Outwardly there are many signs which seem to indicate that there is popular pride in the Republic, though under the surface a tremendous ferment is boiling and steaming which will one day refuse to be further repressed.

A small, self-chosen group, fatly salaried and fed, which bends all things toward keeping itself and its servants in possession of the government, without considering any wishes other than its own, savors unpleasantly of the very tyranny which republics are supposed to displace.

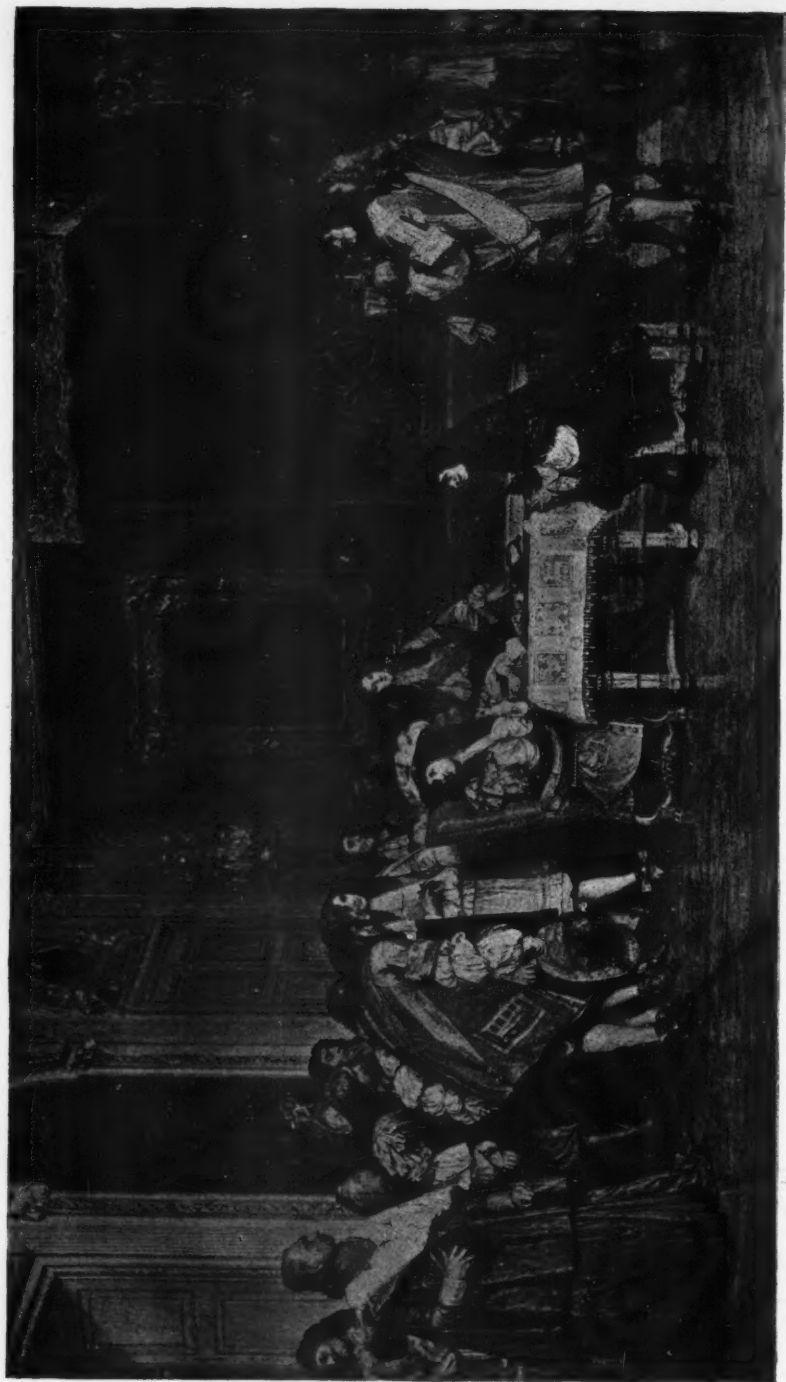
However, though they are the most mercurial body in Europe, it is equally a fact that the French people have never yet flung themselves into any considerable activity in advance of a timely season. Before they are certain that they are in a position to accomplish their ends they have it in them to assume a degree of

apathy and indifference which has many times deceived the outside world, and is now deceiving it again.

When the next change of government in France comes, it will not be brought about by a mob, nor by ordinary malcontents. Almost everybody will have a hand in it, so universally is it desired. Consequently it will be bloodless—some-what of a novelty in French revolutions.

The reasons for unrest are diverse, and include more grievances than misrule. From the priesthood comes a pitiful though useless wall for a voice in the affairs of state; the monarchists and imperialists are ready to do homage to almost any crown, so long as the rusting harness of the old and abundant nobility may become regilt with new dignity; the army and navy long for a fixed and permanent one-man pivot to revolve about and idolize; most varieties of wage-earners want a royal court, as that would give them more and better paid work than can now be had, since it would keep many thousands of fashionable people in Paris for long stays, while now only a few hundreds go there for short stays; and the very humble folk feel that between themselves and the next rank above them there is as wide and chilling a distance as ever, despite the "Equality" promised to them by the constitution, with none of the sugarplums that royalty used frequently to drop into their laps.

The proprietors of hotels, restaurants and cafés likewise feel the dearth of numerous visitors for long periods, as do also the keepers of lodging-houses and those who have houses to rent. Those, perhaps, who suffer most of all from this cause are the shop-keepers and their employees. Eight-tenths of the mighty bulk of trade which formerly went to Paris, from non-residents of France, now goes to London; not in the least because the



Scene at the French Court at the time of Louis XIV.

London shops surpass those of Paris, but because the business of royalty is carried on, in London, after a manner which is dear to the hearts of all votaries of fashion, who prefer shopping where they best like to stay.

All France believes this except the paid politicians; consequently, with this slight exception, all France is equally convinced that the restoration of a royal court, to Paris, would bring back to that city the greater part of its now vanished trade. What constantly emphasizes this is the fact that the fashionable season grows noticeably shorter, in Paris, every year. When the hotels and rentable palaces are full, and the shop-keepers busy, large salaries and high wages are paid to a great number of persons, and every resource of the country is drawn upon to satisfy public demands. Even the business of the farms and factories is increased. This being a fact, and the French being a practical people, they naturally most of all want such a condition of public affairs as will most largely contribute to the private gains of the entire country.

They say: "If such rays can only emanate from a throne, give us the throne."

Aside from these purely commercial reasons for dissatisfaction with the present form of government, the people of France have grown weary of having state matters administered on the opera bouffe basis. They have small pride in institutions which permit cabinets to be swept into and out of existence as easily as ashes are brushed from a hearth. Though an insular people, with little interest in any part of the outer world which they do not control, they dislike being laughed at by other nations.

Their respect for republics has gradually been waning for a great many years; such of it as was still left, after the assassination of M. Carnot, was mostly dispelled by the resignation of President Casimir-Perier, in January, 1894. Though never a popular leader, he came from so distinguished a family that it was felt that he would bring new dignity to the office of president. When, in a few months, disgusted with the environment which the office inflicted upon him, he surrendered the reins of government with a sneer at the impotency of the constitution, and no other explana-

tion than that "A President of France is most of all a stove for politicians to gather about and spit upon," the country suffered a great shock.

It was evident that the much-promising governmental experiment which Gambetta had proclaimed, on the downfall of the last Empire, was a failure. The question was what it should be replaced with.

Truly, it was the hour for a great leader, with a new idea, to come forward; but the human comedy sometimes lacks the convenient machinery of the stage comedy, and the man who was able to point out the logical way to the willing feet did not appear. For the first time in its history, the entire country realized that it was leaderless. The opera bouffe method, the existent governmental joke must be patiently endured yet a little longer—perhaps till a leader could be reared.

Then the country began quietly pondering upon what this desirable being must be like to be acceptable. The commercial aspects of the case, and certain unlovely incompetence and selfishness on the part of the professional politicians, put further dalliance with presidencies out of the question. They furnished no solution to the problem.

Neither was a king desirable, for that implied superiority of birth, and "the divinity which doth hedge a king" has never been a popular morsel to roll under French tongues.

"He must be one of us," said the people. Still he must needs be in a position which would at least ape royalty, in the interests of prosperity. Nothing short of that would meet all of the requirements. "He must be one of us," they at length said; "but we must raise him to a royal height." Joy! he might be an emperor and still be this. An empire is royal, by the submission of the people; but its head could still be chosen from them.

So, in the month of February, 1894, in less than a month after M. Casimir-Perier decided that he had no further use for the presidency of the French Republic, the people of France, came quietly and resolutely to the same conclusion. An empire was the thing for them.

The idea, now nearly two years old, has strengthened with its age. All that is needed is a head capable of doing

credit to the crown it is to wear, and the crown is at its disposal.

The difficulty is to find the man.

As for the monarchistic and Bonapartist pretenders, they utterly lack the power to move the people to enthusiasm. Some grand, resolute, defiant figure is hoped for; some one who will stand out in bold, heroic relief alongside the other rulers of Europe—no mere little ordinary creature, with no higher aim than personal aggrandizement. All these yearnings, from whatever class or clique, are strangely alike, and the type they seek to glorify with ermine is that which the qualities of Napoleon Bonaparte encompass.

The little corporal is daily growing to be more adorable to the people of France. They seem to love him best because of his most severely censured weaknesses. These purely human traits and failings make him what they most want—one of themselves. But for such things the lustre of his later fame would cause them to forget that he had ever starved with them, and shared their every other pang of hardship and poverty.

"He was one of us!" they say, proudly. "He was one of us; but he became very great." And then they sigh and fall to wondering how long it will be before such another man will stand forth from among them; for these people fervently believe that it is only a question of days when they will again be led by one whose smiles will fill all Europe with joy and whose wrath will make the very

hills and plains of the continent tremble.

Excepting the professional politicians, all the various divisions and interests of the Republic of France would welcome an empire. The church party feels that however much the rights it wants to exact might be disregarded, it at least would not be suppressed by one whose position would be plebeian as well, perhaps, as his origin; and hence, though it still might be denied a voice in matters of state, its dignity would not be made to suffer by such limitations. The monarchists, too, are so sickened by what they are pleased to term "the supreme alliance of diggers, butchers and brawlers" that they are quite ready to abandon all pretty visions of kings and queens, and flock delightedly about an emperor.

This wish, which is to-day in the hearts of the people of France, is a deep-seated one, and is bulldozed largely upon the disappointments which have accrued since 1871, and not a little upon the fear that the salaried politicians may bend the dignity and puissance of the country too much to the purposes of Russia—a power which for good reasons they secretly distrust, and of which they are not a little jealous.

France is determined to act, at the earliest possible moment, upon the settled belief that the genius of one man, if he be the right man, can do most for that country. If a wrong man should by any chance be set upon too high a place, there is always the remedy of the guillotine.



A RESTORED IDEAL

BY JAMES BUCKHAM

The theological students at Conover Divinity School were uniformly invited by the faculty of the Conover Female Seminary to attend the "fem. sem." receptions, as being, on the whole, the most innocuous males who could be obtained for the social diversion of the young ladies. Not that the young ladies cared particularly for the theologues; in fact, they secretly despised them, as being too lamb-like and guardedly virtuous for genuine virility. Moreover, the theologues, as a rule, were awkward of manner and shabby of raiment. Still, the girls agreed among themselves to gratify their teachers in this matter, by seeming to acquiesce in the latter's tacit assumption that anything in the shape of a man, from the feminine standpoint, is better than nothing. So, while they yearned in their hearts to entertain the boys from the neighboring academy at Ashmont, or even some of the worldly young men of Conover, these vivacious "fem. sems." knowing their limitations, were fain to be content with the stiff, shy theologians in their rusty Prince Alberts.

Occasionally, however, it did happen that a really attractive and lively theologian was thrown in along with the rest, like a chocolate caramel in a pound of broken candy. The girls were always on the alert for such a providential oversight as this; and if the head of that young man were not immediately turned by the feminine admiration and adulation he received, he was, certainly, sensible as well as attractive.

To his credit be it said, that Arthur Cross had never been distinctly and embarrassingly conscious of his good looks and natural grace of person and manner, until he attended his first "fem. sem." reception at Conover. But there—poor fellow!—how could he help it? He was set upon at once by a perfect butterfly swarm of pretty girls; and when, at length, he was dragged away by his fellows at the puritanical hour of half past ten, his head

was all in a delicious whirl, and he could smell violets and rose-water in his books for days thereafter. The first reception was in Arthur's junior year, and he had attended three since then. But the fifth was Kismet.

It was the annual fall reception at the Female Seminary. All the theologues were invited—there were only seventy of them, and the girls numbered two hundred and seven. But the male complexion of the gathering was helped out by some of the younger professors from the Divinity School, the older professors from Ashmont, and a sprinkling of the more intellectual masculines of Conover, who had passed the danger-line of thirty.

Arthur Cross looked like a perfect Apollo, that night, as any one who had the slightest practical appreciation of mythology must have confessed. He did not wear a dress suit. His father was a minister, and dress suits do not run in ministers' families. But neither did he encase himself in the pathetic black cylinder of a Prince Albert, as did most of his fellow-students. He wore a neat "cutaway," jauntily unbuttoned, and a pair of carefully pressed, dark grey trousers. A slender, double, gold watch-chain crossed his vest, in loops, from pocket to pocket; and in his cream-colored "puff" tie was stuck a dainty turquoise pin. If there was any reason, theological or otherwise, why he, a divinity student, should not look and feel like "a perfect gentleman," in a social gathering like this, it was evident that Arthur Cross was not aware of it, as he walked with easy grace into the reception-room.

In the farther corner stood a tall, handsome, rather conspicuous girl, whom he had not seen at any "fem. sem." reception hitherto; and, after paying his respects to the hostess of the evening, the portly lady principal, Arthur found himself drifting irresistibly toward this magnificent creature, with her rich Oriental

coloring, and her coronal of jet black hair. A sudden hand was laid on his arm. It was Professor Dalzell, the new instructor in Hebrew, who spoke:—

"Ah, Cross! Glad to see you here, to-night. I want to introduce you to my sister, who has recently entered the Seminary. I warn you that she is something of an idealist, and that her theories include theology. But don't let her discourage you!"

All this time they were walking straight up to the tall divinity, and presently Cross found himself bending over her extended hand. From that time he remembered little, except that they two found a divan in a corner, where he brought her refreshments, and where, they afterward had what seemed to him like a moment's conversation, the dream-like charm of which was suddenly broken by her rising and saying that, really, she must excuse herself, for nearly all the gentlemen were gone! Cross looked around in amazement. There wasn't a theologian, save himself, left in the parlors; and he caught the glare of a teacher's eye, that seemed to say,—
"Young man! are you aware that it is after half past ten?"

"So this is love!" said Arthur Cross to himself, when he got out into the fresh night air. He could not doubt the nature of his feeling. It was a refinement of rapture he had never experienced before. The ecstasy was so fine and keen that it brought with it a delicious pain. He tried to think what he and Miss Dalzell had talked about, but could recall nothing, except the way the girl's dark eyes had glowed into his, both while she spoke and while she listened. An idealist? Yes! he was sure she was that, in the highest and truest sense of the word. He would never have gone away with such an exalted feeling, if the plans of their converse had not been far above the clouds.

The new-made lover, after wandering a mile or more into the country, found his way back at length to the rayless dormitories, and blundered up-stairs to bed.

Next day, the young man had a terrible attack of that kind of sick-longing, that follows the inception of a romance, at a certain period of life. He could neither study, nor read, nor play tennis. So

when, after the first afternoon lecture, two Middlers came to his room, with a gunny-sack, and proposed an apple-stealing expedition, he flung his book on the window-seat, and got speedily into his old clothes.

Now, lest any reader should have the grace to start at the mention of apple-stealing as a theological diversion, be it understood that at Conover not even the fourteen Articles of the cast-iron creed of that venerable institution have a more traditional sanctity than the custom of apple-"hooking" by the students, in the fall of the year. Conover is a land as rich in apples as was Canaan in promised milk and honey. Old, abandoned orchards wanton in every wood-lot; and in meadows, in pastures, in lanes, by the roadsides, everywhere, lusty, solitary apple-trees scatter their fruits for him to gather who wills. It can hardly be stealing—says Conover theology—to appropriate what no one cares to gather. So, from time immemorial, the students of the Seminary have replenished their closets, each season, with half-wild apples from the surrounding farms. And if, occasionally, when the route of the gleaners takes them through some cultivated orchard, a nice, plump Baldwin or Pippin drops by accident into the gunny-sack,—why, is there any theological system in the world that does not make some provision for special providences?

Arthur Cross and his companions foraged far, that golden October afternoon, and as they came back, with heavily-laden gunny-sack swung on a pole, their hearts were light within them. Either the wine of the air, or the wine of love in Arthur Cross's blood, or both combined, bred a wild intoxication in his soul, and he sang and capered before the fruit-bearers like a wanton faun. A long stick with a knotted end, lay in the wood-path they were following, and he caught it up and flourished it like a drum-major's *baton*. As they came out into the road, on the hill above the Seminary, Arthur whirled his stick far up into the air, and caught it deftly as it came down again. And so he went, wheeling about to his companions; timing their steps with the rude *baton*, as they stumbled along, with the heavy bag of fruit midway on the sagging pole across their shoulders; and

anon marching face forward, grotesquely straight and precise, with the stick beating time, or whistling round, like a rimless wheel, in his fingers.

Suddenly, in one of his turnings-about, he saw Professor Dalzell and his sister emerge from a wood-road, and stand staring in amaze at the odd procession a little way in front of them. If the ground had opened beside him, how gladly Cross would have leaped in and been swallowed up! But there was nothing to do but to blunder on around the curve of the road, and get out of sight behind the woods as soon as possible.

So this was the lofty and serious aspect he had presented to his idealist, on the second day of their acquaintance! And her brother, the professor, appreciating the joke, would tell her, of course, that he was officiating as commander of an apple-hooking party!

As soon as Cross could get free of his unconcerned comrades (and he left them hoisting the sack of apples into a dormitory window with a fire escape rope), he hastened to his room, and in abject humiliation flung himself face-downward on his cot-bed. So chagrined was he that for a time his mind dwelt on the thought of leaving the Seminary—anything to escape the presence of one whose contempt would so embitter his life. Then he began to question whether it were not possible to explain, to excuse, to retrieve himself. But in that moment of bitterness there came back to him clearly the substance of their conversation the night before—her strenuous demand for a loftier, purer, soberer, more consecrated life on the part of ministers of the gospel, young and old; her flaming scorn at all that was frivolous, worldly, light-minded, or lax in the behavior of the elect of God—"His Prophets," as she had called them. The young man groaned aloud. No! such a girl would never condone so significant a fault as she had surprised him in that afternoon.

The hour for the evening meal at the Seminary commons passed, and yet the humiliated lover lay with his face buried in his pillow. By and by the boys came trooping noisily back through the halls; and then, after an interval of silence, the chapel-bell began to ring. It was the weekly prayer-meeting night; and Cross remembered that at this meeting a matter

of great importance was to be discussed by the Seminary students,—a matter in which he had taken the deepest interest since it came up, and in the decision of which his voice and vote, as a leading senior, would be expected.

He rose hastily, made his toilet, and changed his clothes. The bell had ceased tolling when he left his room, but he reached the chapel just as the first hymn was being sung. The little chapel was nearly full, for every Seminary student was there, and also a goodly number of the townspeople, who, moved by sympathetic interest or curiosity, had come in to learn how the students would dispose of the striking new plan of religious work submitted to them by a distinguished former member of the Conover faculty. Among others, Miss Dalzell was there, with her brother; and Cross's heart gave a great leap, as his eyes fell upon her handsome profile, among the visitors who occupied the side seats.

It was evident that little interest was being taken in the religious exercises of the meeting, so the leader wisely brought them to a close, and introduced the subject upon which every mind was intent,—the new plan of religious work. This was somewhat unique. It proposed that the members of each graduating class should take some county, preferably in a frontier or distinctly rural section, divide amongst themselves the mission churches, and work concertedly for five years, under the direction and supervision of one of their own number, who should be appointed leader, to Christianize that county. A subscription fund meanwhile was to be raised by the Seminary and its friends, to aid in the support of these voluntary pastors, and in extending their work.

The discussion of the new project opened with the faculty, who enthusiastically supported it to a man. Then the students, beginning with the seniors, took up the subject. A pained look came into the face of the good old president, as he heard the uncertain and half-hearted way in which some of the first speakers debated the plan. While the project might—and probably would—succeed so long as it was a novelty, said one speaker, it would be apt to run into the ground at length. Another thought that, since the pastorates were necessarily transient, it

might be time thrown away for young men of talent and ability to give five of the best years of their lives to what he called *submerged* work in the backwoods or on the frontier.

So the talk went on—most of it weak and nerveless, whichever side of the question the speaker took. Suddenly a young man leaped to his feet with an initial burst of energy greater in itself than all his classmates had exhibited thus far. It was Arthur Cross, and his face was aflame with indignation, conviction, and high resolve. Every eye was turned toward the tall, handsome senior, as he stood there, almost choking with the emotion that struggled for utterance.

"For my part," he cried, in a sudden torrent of quick, vibrant speech, "I am ashamed of the spirit of this discussion, so far as we seniors are concerned. Personally, I believe in the plan most heartily and unreservedly. I think it is a glorious opportunity for every man of us, and I believe that it embodies the ripest practical Christian wisdom of one whom we all love, admire and trust. What do we young fellows know about the practicability of such a plan, anyway? We have had neither the experience nor the matured thought and observation which would fit us to judge. Our part in the matter—the part of youth in any enterprise—is *action*. And—if I may be permitted to offer a suggestion—the way to get at the real sentiment of this senior class is, I think, to call for volunteers for this grand new movement of Doctor Parker's. I offer myself as the first volunteer for the Students' Co-operative Mission Church Band!"

A murmur of approval, amounting to decorous applause, arose, as Cross dropped back into his seat, still palpitating and glowing. From that moment the whole tone of the meeting changed. Enthusiasm took the place of cautious doubt, and senior after senior got up and offered himself as a hearty volunteer—even those who had spoken against the movement at first, joining with the rest.

"Cross, you are a regular Napoleon!" exclaimed Professor Dalzell, as the audience was dispersing. "I am proud of you!"

Arthur Cross turned, with a blush, and found himself face to face with the Hebrew instructor and his beautiful sister. But his eyes fell with quick shame, as the half-forgotten episode of the afternoon recurred to his mind. "It was nothing," he said, with a motion as if to escape. "I spoke impulsively, as I always do."

"But you *acted* nobly, grandly, Mr. Cross!" The voice was Miss Dalzell's, calm, sweet, deep with feeling. How it thrilled him! She said no more, but there were volumes in the words, and in the eyes which he suffered his own to meet for an instant. Then they passed out of the chapel, and parted, to go their different ways.

As he walked, with bowed head, toward the dormitories, there was an infinite rapture in the young man's thought, modest though it was: "She does not despise me!" And the girl, as she walked musingly down to the "Fem. Sem." gate, on her brother's arm, was saying to herself: "Well, boy though he is, I believe I have discovered in him the elements of my ideal!"

HOW MARTHY "DISAPINTED" KILO

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

"LAW sakes, man, haint you never hed no one tell you how Marthy Meechum disapinted the hull town o' Kilo? Well! some folks never hears nuthin'! Why, that's jist the thing fer you to make a story of.

"You see, Marthy Meechum (she used to be a Kile 'fore she married Steve Meechum, but he died 'fore the time I'm tellin' on), she was a widder, an' hed been

for years, I dunno how long. She was a straight goin' critter, too, an' always took a hand in church doin's, 'specially after old Steve died. Marthy, she was a reg'lar old style shoutin' Methody, an' it used to be nip an' tuck whether she or old Deacon Ross would make the most noise in meetin', 'cause old deacon was gettin' kinder old an' Marthy wa'n't but five and sixty, or 'long there somewheres, an' big

an' stout, an' had a voice to call cows with, anyhow. An' a face to scare 'em away agin.

"Marthy was a great, big, tall, boney woman, an' when she'd git up in prayer meetin' she most had to bow her head fer fear of hittin' her bunnit agin the ceilin'. She was the most able bodied saint in Kilo.

"Well, the winter arter old Steve jined his fathers, we hed a great revival in Kilo, an' lots of souls come to the altar an' got saved, an' Marthy she took lots of interest in the work, an' labored harder'n all the rest of us to rescue the perishin'. The minister, Brother Soloway, spoke most feelin'ly of it at her funeral. He was the one that was holdin' the revival.

"Let me see, the revival hed went on two weeks, ev'ry night in the week, an' it was on Tuesday of the third week that Marthy told her vision. The church was jam full that night. Seemed like ev'ry one in town an' county hed come an' we hed a roarin' good meetin', too, an' five got converted, an' just 'fore the meetin' closed Marthy she got up, an' told about her vision.

"Seems like she hed been layin' in her bed the night afore, when she heard a sound like a turkey tryin' to fly when his wings is trimmed an' the noise waked her, an' there right afore her bed was an angel. I do declare, it was beautiful the way she described that there angel! We could a'most see him.

"Well, of course she couldn't speak, she was so flabbergasted, an' the angel he stood there awhile, an' then he says, soft like, 'Marthy Ann Meechum! Your time to leave this life has come to hand. You must prepare to depart this comin' Friday at 'leven thirty, P.M.' an' when he hed said that he winged away through the roof, an' Marthy said she could see him till he got as little as a speck. 'An', friends,' she said, 'I know I am called an' I must go. So I bid you all good-bye.'

"Well, there was lots of cryin' an' shakin' hands, an' kissin' of Marthy, an' some of us tried to make her think she was mistook, 'cause I for one never believed in dreams an' sich foolishness, an' don't now, but Marthy vowed she hed seen a vision like the prophits of old hed, an' spite of all we could do she went

home an' went to bed, an' got ready to die as respectabul as she could.

"Well, sir, you better believe there was excitement round Kilo! Why ev'rybody took an int'rest in the dyin' of Marthy, an' some 'lowed she would die, an' some of the young fellers that was fond o' bein' called 'fast' went so far as to make bets on it. Which I call downright sack-erlidge, an' so expressed myself at the time.

"Marthy she lay there propped up in bed all day We'nsday an' Thursday, an' nobody ever looked stouter an' healthier than Marthy did them two days; an' we wimmin sat there an' read to her out of the Bible, she tellin' us what to read. An' all the time the int'rest got more an' more, an' so did the excitement. Why, it was wuse than an election. Folks would stop on the street an' argy about Marthy, an' there was a crowd in front of every store, just gassin' about Marthy. An' some said she would, an' some said she wouldn't, but I kinder 'lowed she would, 'cause I never saw sich a set, particlar woman as Marthy Meechum an' I believed that if she said she'd die at 'leven thirty Friday P.M. she'd do it, in spite of all.

"Well, Friday we jist couldn't keep tue people out o' the yard. They jist crowded thet yard full from all over the county, an' all the stores in Kilo shut up, an' one of us wimmin had to go to the door 'bout ev'ry five minutes an' tell how Marthy was a gittin' on, or else they'd hev broke the door down, they was thet excited. An' Marthy she did look wuss an' wuss, sure.

"Brother Soloway he see it wa'n't no use to have service thet night 'cause nobody'd go, so he gits on the door step after supper an' gives a good talk on the nearness o' death at all times, an' in between he let 'em know how Marthy was comin' on. An' he took up a good collection, too. Trust Brother Soloway fergittin' thet!

"'Long 'bout 'leven o'clock I looked out. It was so quiet I thought the crowd must a' gone away, but, law sakes! there tney was, the yard full an' all the street full; all waitin' patient to see if Marthy was goin' to be as good as her word.

"Marthy she hed us move the bed 'round so she could see the clock, an' I

could see she was awful anxious, an' she had Sol Jones, he's the station agent, come in an' set the clock jist to the minute. Marthy was the most punctual woman I ever see, an' she was bound to go off jist at the right minute. Well, she lay back an' watched the clock, an' we hed ought to been watchin' her, but we watched the clock, too; an' Brother Soloway was down by the bed a prayin' like he can pray.

"I tell you, the strain was awful as thet clock crep' round to the half hour, an' I could feel in my bones that Marthy was doin' her best to die like she hed promised.

"Well, it come 'leven twenty-nine, an' not a soul was breathin' inside the house or out, an' Marthy she closed her eyes, an' folded her hands an' jist waited. But she couldn't keep her eyes shet, an' jist as it come 'leven thirty, she opened 'em an' looked at the clock.

"An' the old clock tick ticked right on, an' kep' right on a tickin' an' Marthy she see it was 'leven thirty-one.

"Then she sits right straight up in bed an' she says, 'Brother Soloway, are you sure thet clock is right?' 'Yes, sister,' sez he. 'Well, then,' she sez, 'you might as well all go home, for the hour is past!' an' I could see she was mortal hurt that she hedn't died on schedule time. Then the crowd outside began to laugh a little, an'

Brother Soloway put up his specs and drew on his coat to go. An' Marthy she sez, 'This is the fust time I ever promised to do a thing an' didn't do it on time,' an' thet was the mortal truth, too, an' I could see it went agin her ideas of punctuality.

"Well, Marthy she lay down in bed an' covered up her head in shame, an' Brother Soloway he went to say a few words o' comfort to her, but he didn't never say 'em, 'cause Marthy was dead. Yes sir, dead's a door nail.

"Doctor Evans he said it was heart failure, but I don't believe no sich thing. I tell you, I knew Marthy Meechum purty well, an' how particular she was, an' I jist believe she died heart broke because she didn't die on schedule time, like she hed promised. But she wasn't much behind time, only five minutes. 'Leven thirty-five 'twas when she died.

"But there ain't no satisfyin' some folks, an' that crowd outside was jist as disapinted as if Marthy hadn't died at all, an' they went away grumblin' about it, 'stead o' bein' satisfied like they should! But I say Marthy did the best she could, an' nobody had no real cause fer complainin'.

"Why, there's that good-fer-nothin' old man of mine. He ought to hev died ten years ago. Five minutes? Why, land sakes, I'll be thankful if he ever dies. But he won't. No sich luck!"

THE OTHER MAN

BY EMIL O. PETERSEN

"I HAVE a bit of news for you," young Fullerton said, turning suddenly to face the woman he loved, "Jack Trevor is back from Europe."

"I'm pleasantly surprised," she answered, meeting his direct, searching gaze unflinchingly. A sharp little thrill of pain smote her heart and the smoldering fires in her dark eyes leaped into brighter flame, but she controlled her emotion with a supreme effort.

"I met him at Renshaw's quite unexpectedly last night where I dropped in for a game of billiards. In the course of the evening he mentioned your name—he called you Elinor."

"Naturally," she interrupted calmly.

The Renshaws are his cousins and very good friends of mine. Well?"

"I resented it bluntly."

"You did?" with an almost imperceptible quiver of scorn.

"Yes. I must have been pretty savage, for he withdrew suddenly. I may expect to hear from him, I suppose, as he's in honor bound to demand amends, though for the life of me I can't remember what I said."

"It was wholly foolish and unreasonable. You had no right," she said, plucking a long-stemmed rose from a huge bouquet she carried. "I dare say it was wholly unconscious on his part; he used to call me Elinor sometimes. He knew

me in the old days when I was a poor little Cinderella, before society played fairy godmother for me, and you would have passed me with your hat on."

"Do you take pleasure in recording that phase of your life?" he asked with sudden asperity.

"It is not distasteful to me, for it was not altogether without compensation. I knew Jack Trevor then."

"But it is of the past. You are one of us now; that you adapt yourself gracefully to all phases of society proves your rightful position beyond a doubt."

She put up a warning hand. "Don't," she said seriously. "I do not often annoy you with the vexing theme of the past—I am not sure but that it held more of true happiness than the present," she added, with a peculiarly hard inflection of her tuneful young voice and a hint of excitement in her face which deepened the wild rose color and darkened her fine grey eyes.

Fullerton squared his shoulders against the wall and plucked a great handful of yellow chrysanthemum from a flowering plant beside him. "Jack Trevor will be here to-night," he said, without taking his eyes from her beautiful face. "Don't go," he pleaded, interpreting her quick movement aright—"I've something to tell you which I'd rather not have you hear from other lips."

"Perhaps I'd better not hear it at all," she answered a trifle coldly, rising and trailing the long-stemmed rose in the fountain beside her. The shimmering fulness of her dress fell in straightly clinging folds about her, revealing her perfectly rounded figure with its girlish curves and graceful height. She was a very beautiful woman of the type properly called American, which means simply a perfect blending of "all that's best of dark or bright." She had the exquisite freshness and piquancy that comes only with a life of perfect freedom from narrowing conventionalities of society. Less fortunate women, whose souls were crippled by petty jealousies, hated and feared her proportionately.

"There was another woman," Fullerton went on, smothering an involuntary pang of remorse, "the model of my unlucky Ipegenia. She was very pretty—and she

knew her power. I humored her vanity a good deal too far by paying her all the attentions the women of my own class expect, which those of her grain do not accept gracefully. It is either love or hate with them, there are no half-way measures. She presumed on professional courtesy to an amazing degree and I put up with her nonsense for the sake of my picture, which was absurd of course; but I had the fancy I could paint pretty well those days, and was willing to overlook big delinquencies for art's sake. She had a brother, or an imaginary relative, who had got himself into very deep waters by dark doings and she took it upon herself to get him out of it and expected me to help her—in fine, she demanded it. I realized then that there was only one way to deal with an adventuress—to forget that she was a woman and simply put her on the level of a dangerously-inclined human being. I let her down very suddenly, and she retaliated by throwing my past foolishness in my face with the cool effrontery of an old stager.

"She came to my studio several times but James had orders not to admit her and I fancied he knew his duties too well to succumb to her wiles, but his insistence enraged her. She vowed to outwit him and woman-like she kept her vow. Well, I refused flatly to take stock in her relation and she made some interesting comment on the profession and my personal character, for one-quarter of which I'd have squared a man's account with a revolver. In the midst of the rampage fortune sent Trevor to interfere as unpleasantly as only Trevor can do. Unless you know him pretty well you won't imagine the course he took. But, to shorten the story, he took up her cause, as if she had been the angel she looked—she had the most perfect face and the spirit of a fiend incarnate. Of course it led to a complication of unpleasantness between us. You see it was no affair of his."

"Well?" Elinor said calmly, seeing he expected some answer.

"He furthered that woman's plans absurdly, and to his own hurt. For thanks she brought his name prominently before the public when her case came up in the courts; but that is neither here nor there. I was a brute, perhaps, to deal so peremptorily with her. It went against Tre-

vor's fine sense of honor. But all that is over and done with."

"Why need you have told me all this?" she asked.

"Because I should hate to have you hear it from his lips."

"You might have spared yourself the trouble—you know very little of Jack to think he'd tell another man's story. Come," she added, turning to go, "I have not seen half the people here."

He faced about and followed silently. At the door he paused and looked down at her with murmured admiration, but her thoughts were wholly of Jack; therefore she did not heed his mute praise.

"Trevor will be here to-night," he said.

She smiled languidly but could not stifle the tumultuous beatings of her heart sufficiently to trust her voice to answer. A great wave of happiness thrilled her pulses deliciously at the mere thought of the other man's presence.

They had parted two years before with the schooled indifference that is love's most pitiless enemy, because its armor of pride is well-nigh invincible. Slander had dragged his fair name through the mire of evil repute, and to shield an unworthy woman he had kept silence; but the world condemned him and Elinor accepted the world's verdict because her pride assured her that he could not care for her, or he would have set himself right in her eyes. Now, for the first time, she had heard the straight of the story from the lips of a man who would have been the last to exonerate his rival. Now she began to understand the part Jack Trevor had played in the unlovely drama, and in her heart she felt a fierce resentment for the world whose decree had driven him away from her. But there was little time for retrospection just then. Her guests who thronged about her with flattering persistence, forced her into the unwilling servitude of conventionality.

"All Denver is here to-night," Fullerton said as he hovered about her with an air of proud possession—"that is, all our faction of society. My mother thinks you the most beautiful woman among them all—as I do—and she's very critical. Ah, there's Trevor," he added in coldly suave tones.

He met her with grave courtesy that

gave no hint of deep feeling and after a little murmur of polite conversation she turned away to the gay, moving throng about her, to quench the pain of disappointment.

"Some one was asking for you," a tall, fair woman said, leaning toward her as she passed with Fullerton. "One hears your name everywhere to-night of course, but this enquirer made particular impression on me—a queer, plain little woman, like an old-fashioned lady's maid, in impossible garments—looking and feeling very much out of place. Mr. Fullerton rescued her finally and piloted her safely to some obscure corner. Poor soul, she looked distressed."

"You didn't tell me," she said, quickly turning to Fullerton.

"Some humble soul whom you have befriended at some time," he answered. "She cannot be a guest. She probably enjoys this all the more for the rarity of the scene. I placed her at a convenient angle of observation."

"Did she tell you her name?"

"I didn't ask her," he answered evasively. "I promised to let her see you some time before the evening was over—and that satisfied her."

"You should have asked her name. Who can it be?"

"Very like a lady's maid," some one suggested.

"What was she like?" she persisted obstinately.

"She was a little shrinking creature," the tall, fair woman said, smiling indulgently, "dressed in black with lavender bows—a bow at the throat fastened by a big portrait brooch—and such gloves! black with long, empty finger-tips. She's probably some alien at the club whom you have befriended; we have all sorts and conditions there nowadays. I wonder how she happened to stray here, of all places? I think she has some idea of the enormity of her mistake. She looked oppressed."

"Dressed in black with lavender bows and big portrait brooch," Elinor echoed with curious insistence. "Did she have brown wavy hair, kind brown eyes and a delicate, sensitive face?"

"She had brown hair and, possibly, brown eyes, but her face was not delicate nor sensitive—it was particularly old

and toil-worn. Plainly, she's a woman of the working class."

"Yes, old and toil-worn," the beautiful woman repeated with a tremulous smile, "but very sweet and gentle withal."

"You know her?" some one asked with half-awakened interest.

"Yes, I think I know her, and I would love dearly to see her."

"An old friend, perhaps," the fair woman suggested with a covert smile.

"Yes. Will you take me to her?" turning to Fullerton, whose usually urbane face was clouded with annoyance. "Is that the lady seated beside Jack Trevor? She is plain and humble looking, isn't she? Do you know her? Will you take me to her?"

"If you wish. Why not wait a little? Some friends of my mother have been asking to meet you."

"Yes, presently. I wish to tell these good friends about my little friend in black; since she has amused them it will perhaps interest them to know her story."

"By all means."

"Seventeen years ago she and her husband and her children left their humble home in Vermont for the new, promising West where they hoped to prosper grandly. They were a very happy little family, poor and friendless but rich in love, and that made the world very bright and bridged over all the hard places. But fate was against them. Do any of you remember the terrible casualty on the Union Pacific road many years ago? The husband was killed instantly in the wreck and the widow left way out in lonely Wyoming with two little children and only twenty dollars in the world. The company offered her a return trip and substantial help in other ways, but she had a foolish reluctance for leaving the new-made grave; she preferred to work for her children way out there. A passenger car had tumbled a hundred feet over an embankment into the smooth, green valley below and the railroad thought it too much trouble and expense to drag it up. They offered that car for temporary shelter and made over to her a generous tract of the fertile land about it.

"So she stayed in the car which she arranged with her woman's skill into a dwelling, and tended the land about it

till it flourished like a garden. She worked early and late digging and hoeing and plowing; training the children meanwhile to help her according to her growing strength. The grave on the hillside grew fair to look at—and it became a holy place, for the children learned to love it, and came there for their Sabbath worship and rest.

"The children grew strong and sturdy. The boy was like his father, cheerful, generous and manly, and he lightened the burden for his mother with a patience that revived his broken spirits wonderfully. After a time the mother and boy conceived the idea of enlarging their province and together began to build a log cabin just beyond the limits of her grant where they intended to take up squatter's claim, for she was ambitious for her children. As the house grew to goodly proportions they took the four intact windows from the old car and with the useful wood-work made it homelike and comfortable, and when it was finished moved into it and began to cultivate the land. In five years the claim was hers.

"A few months after she had received her title to the property, a party of mining prospectors came out and in the course of their experiments found on her premises the vein of a valuable gold ore and made her a generous offer for it. This she accepted for the children's sake, and it enabled her to send them away to school which she did immediately.

"Now she is old and worn with toil and her children are of the gay world which looks down on her for her queer, old-fashioned ways. The son is prospering in worldly affairs as he deserves, and the daughter is surrounded by luxuries because it has pleased society to befriend her for a season, but neither of them has forgotten their patient mother. She still lives in the old house where she can look from the window to the grave on the hillside, because she still loves that nearness to the husband of her youth."

She paused and looked about the attentive company with a little smile, and, looking past Fullerton's pale face saw Jack Trevor coming toward her with the plain little woman, his handsome head bowed to catch her timid replies. Ellnor made a step forward and took the thip, ill-gloved hand in her own with affection-

ate warmth and a smile that went straight to every heart.

"Friends," she said in a clear, joyful voice, "this is my mother. She came all the way from the little farm to surprise me on this night of happiness."

The plain little woman lifted her wistful, tired eyes to the beautiful, glowing face with a smile of pathetic gratitude that brought a mist to the eyes of the beholders.

A murmur of suppressed wonder ran through the little group of Elinor's admirers; and after a few well-bred comments, one by one joined the passing company, until only Fullerton remained. His better manhood was deeply stirred by the sweet simplicity of the woman he loved, but long habit forced him to the old conventionalities of a man of the world. He began to talk to the mother of current events and the people thronging about him, and she listened with anxious interest to the informal topics, but her heart was in her eyes and she looked oftenest toward the tall, beautiful daughter.

Elinor looked at Jack who stood silently beside her. "Jack," she said in the old friendly way, "I want to thank you for your kindness to my mother. It was good of you to entertain her. She must have been very lonely."

"It was she who was kind to me," he answered gravely. "You forget that she was always my very good friend."

"And Jack, will you forgive me for all my hard thoughts of you in the past?"

"Forgive!" he echoed with a little smile that lit up his sad, pale face as a sudden rift of sunlight transforms a gloomy landscape. "Do you really care? Why do you ask it?"

"Because I've wronged you in my thoughts and am sorry."

"Is that all? Have you forgotten wholly that I love you?"

"Jack!"

"More than any one or anything in the whole world," he went on, looking straight into her dark, bright eyes. "There never was a time since I first knew you—now so long ago—that you have not been in my thoughts, always as my one queenly ideal. You must have known it, Elinor."

"Why did you not tell me about that trouble two years ago? It would have saved so much unhappiness."

"I could not tell you in honor after my promise—and I thought—"

"Thought what, Jack?"

"That you cared for Fullerton. Tell me, Elinor, is there any one else?"

"There never has been any one else," she answered, so low that only Jack heard, though Fullerton's questioning eyes were fixed on her face with a look of direct appeal. She raised her head with a quick upward movement and looked straight at him with smiling eyes. "and there never will be any one else," she added softly.

"Elinor, darling," Jack whispered, trying to suppress the too evident radiation of his supreme happiness.

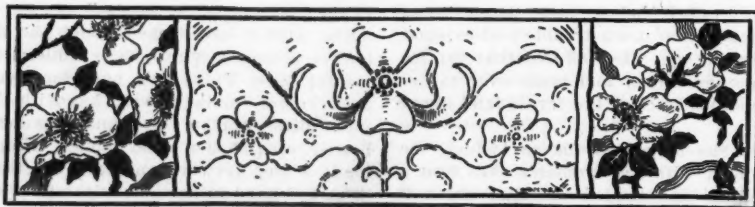
Fullerton forgot his self-imposed duty of entertaining the plain little woman, and in the prolonged silence she turned to Elinor with a smile of unspoken weariness.

"It's a gay, happy world this, isn't it mother?" the girl said, holding her hand affectionately, "but it grows tiresome too—you are tired, are you not?"

"It is very new and strange to me. Does it please you, dear?"

"This has been the happiest night of my life," she answered simply.

Then Fullerton knew that the gates of his Paradise were barred forever.





Recent French Books for Americans



THE main purpose of this series of articles is to give information; not to criticise. There are many Americans who take an interest in contemporary French literature, but who have time neither to follow up the new books in "la Bibliographie" nor to read extensively; there are many more who would like to become acquainted with the most characteristic and best French works, but who do not know where to begin; and there are also others who are staying temporarily in Paris and wish to read some of the national literature but have no idea for what to ask.

It is to these three classes of our reading community and not to the student or regular reader of contemporary French literature that these articles are primarily meant to appeal; but I shall also try to make them a useful means of reference even to those who regularly read somewhat widely in French fields.



BOOKS on America.—The American is justly proud of his country and his nation; but like most men possessing something of which they are proud, he is rather too eager to ask everyone he meets "what do you think of it?" As a result the "Impressions of America" of more or less distinguished foreigners has become a craze with us. And yet, most of these recorded ideas of us fail utterly to grasp even the most prominent characteristics of either our country or our people. To these there is one bright exception, however, the "Société Américainé" of M. Dugard, published in 1896.

As a rule I do not intend to go so far back in point of time; but this book has been so little noticed at home and is at the same time so unusually worth reading that I cannot pass it by.

In 1893 the author apparently made a

tour of America from New York along the Hudson, past Niagara to Chicago, on through Mississippi, Colorado and Utah to San Francisco and California, and then back to Philadelphia, Boston and New York. The whole tour only lasted four months; and yet in this short space of time the traveller has succeeded not only in picking out the most salient features of our national life, and getting hold of our greatest social and educational problems, but also of realizing many of our smaller distinguishing virtues and weaknesses—to some of the latter of which, by the way, we may well look before it is too late.

Her impressions of the West are, taken as a whole, more clearly defined, more happy in both conception and expression, and more correct than those of the East, and this is only natural. The West is something entirely new and strange to her, whereas the East is, to a great extent, a copy of European civilization. As she well says, the West is after all the most thoroughly American part of America, for here it is we find the full, strong American spirit in all its force and buoyancy. In her chapters on the West she devotes herself largely to describing and analyzing the life of the people; in her treatment of the East she spends most of her time in noting and discussing our social and educational positions and problems; and in both cases she is always interesting and suggestive. It is the one work dealing with American life written by a foreigner which I know and which I feel is truly worth our reading.

Another charming book which deals with South America is "La Jeune Amérique" by André Bellesort. Primarily it is a book of travel; but the author is much more than a mere traveller, he is also a deep thinker, a thorough student of human nature, a true humorist, and in feeling, at least, a good deal of a poet. As

The first of a series of five articles to be published in THE NATIONAL with the intention of keeping American readers in touch with the most noteworthy of the recent French publications. These digests will be more properly thumb-nail sketches of the most readable of the new French books, and are calculated to prove of some considerable service to the American tourist during the summer season abroad and to those at home desirous of becoming cognizant of the best contemporary French literature.

a result, while his descriptions of his travels are always full of beauty, interest and charm, the main pleasure in reading the book comes from the brilliant character sketches, the thoughtful comments, and the lightening touches of humor in which every chapter abounds. It is a model "book of travel."



F ICTION. As usual the market is flooded with fiction, so the task of selection is a very difficult one. Not a few works by prominent and universally known novelists have recently appeared, but none of them to my mind, surpass that by M. Edouard Rod, entitled "La-haut." In the first place it is thoroughly worth reading and in the second, it is equally readable—a strange combination in a novel of to-day.

A Swiss by birth, the author has laid the scenes of his story among the mountains of his native valley of the Valais, and has filled his pages with short but wonderfully graphic and delightful sketches of its natives, its scenery, its customs, and its tourists. On this account alone the book would be well worth reading, and especially so to any one who loves or even knows Switzerland and its charms. But this is merely the background of the picture which M. Rod has given us.

The great central theme of the work is the depiction of the gradual destruction of the happiness and prosperity of a small mountain hamlet, which is brought about by the introduction of the modern "spirit of progress" with its accompanying ambitions and selfishness. And this theme is very powerfully treated. The narration is undeniably rough at times, but the way in which the reader is made to feel the gradual decay and the slowly approaching ruin of the former peaceful welfare of the little hamlet is strangely impressive. The only contemporary work which equals it in this respect is, I think, M. Zola's "la Débâcle"—probably that author's greatest work.

In subordination to this central idea but still prominent, is the love-story of M. Sterney—the hero. Haunted by a past which has made him a marked man, he strives in vain to forget it. Falling in

love makes the consciousness of the affair all the more bitter; but thanks to the sympathetic nature of the girl, he finally begins to live down what he cannot forget.

There is no real connection between the two main themes and, in fact, there is no real reason why any of the characters should come or go as they do. Nor yet do they interest you especially. You are glad to have met them, you have become more or less interested in them, and you feel a passing regret at parting. But that is all. It makes no great difference to you whether you ever meet again or not, although, when by chance you do, it gives you pleasure.

Judged by ordinary standards of composition, or by the rules and theories of any school, the book may not be artistic. But is it not something better—true to life?



A NOTHER well-written and charming novel is Pierre Loti's "Ramuntcho." In plot it is a sweet love-story, full of the romance of a past age. Its brightness is, however, clouded by a thread of something running through it which seems to forebode an evil and sad ending to the present sunshine. So skillfully is this element introduced and carried on that no one except the hero is surprised when he returns from the army to find that his fiancée has become a nun and is lost to him. Told with all the grace and beauty of which the author is so happily possessed, the tale, while sad, perhaps, is unusually full of charm. And yet the love-story is not the main object of the work. It merely serves to keep the reader interested. The true aim of the writer is clearly the painting of the old Basque life. And what a vivid and delightful picture has he given us! We seem to be roaming about in a strange world, in a sort of grown-up folk's fairyland. Everything is full of charm and delight, and were it not for the sad ending of the love-story we should refuse to leave our new world.



"L E Jardin Secret." The latest novel of Marcel Prevost is an interesting example of the present drift in

French fiction from the old "problem-novel" to the new "psychological-study." The author has apparently felt it necessary to have a problem, and so he runs in the very stale one of whether a woman ought to live with a husband who has proved faithless. Then, having stated his problem he proceeds partly to burlesque it, partly to give us a portrayal of a certain stamp of woman's mental being.

The heroine, a girl gifted with ambition and longings for an individual and unconventional existence, begins her career by falling rashly in love. When she gets out she is still pure in the flesh but just the opposite in spirit. The next event is a loveless marriage and an increase in immoral thoughts. Still she resolutely subordinates her personality to the needs of her new surroundings, and by so doing she really succeeds in gaining its expression though in a changed form. Here is Ibsen's great doctrine.

For thirteen years she lives a conventional but happy life, and for thirteen years she is in the legal sense of the word, pure. Then comes the discovery of her husband's secret amours. Her first impulse is toward revenge or divorce; but a consequent review of her own past life shows her that in thoughts and emotions she has been no better than her husband. She had never actually sinned; but it had been for lack of opportunities, not inclination. And so she decides to live on as before.

The book has been one of the most widely read, universally discussed, and widely praised of the recent Parisian novels. The causes of this popularity are, I take it, two in number. The first is that it spends enough time in the "dirty corners" of human life to satisfy the present popular fancy. The second, and, I believe, the greater is that it is an unusually detailed and very well-done study of a woman's inmost thoughts and emotions.

These thoughts and emotions are thoroughly revolting, but they are also entirely consistent with the heroine's nature. Of the various conclusions which are the outcome of her moral or immoral reflections, I shall only mention the two principal ones. The first is that "toute âme d'Eve a son coin gâté." If by this she merely meant that every woman had the

possibility of sin in her she would be undeniably right. But when she maintains that all women are at times impure in thought or wish if not in deed, then she is quite as absurdly wrong, and yet the error is just the one into which a woman would fall.

Her second conclusion is: "Herbes parasites ou plantes vénéneuses, quelle femme, quel marè n'a pas son 'jardin secret' où l'autre jamais ne pénètre, où il ne doit pas pénétrer sous peine de détruire le foyer."

The idea if taken in one way is true and beautiful. Few husbands or wives could penetrate the most hidden thoughts of each other's past or present lives without running the risk of discovering something which would make them less contented than before. We are all human; we are all jealous; and in consequence there are some things which are better left unrevealed. But it does not follow from this that every married man and woman have something in their past lives or thoughts which is actually immoral. Yet this is what our present heroine really means. And once more I think the error is characteristic of the woman. Morally rotten herself, she sees filth in every one's else soul; and even the good thoughts which come to her are spoiled and sullied before she can express them. There can be no doubt that all her final conclusions are wrong; but neither, I take it, is there any that so the author meant to make them. Still one French critic has gone on that assumption and condemned the book in consequence.

QUITE as detailed a study of a man's character is the "Crise de Jeunesse" by M. Albert Sueur, but it is the sort of study that leaves a much more pleasant taste in one's mouth.

Like the heroine we have just left, our hero starts out full of ambitions for a literary career and an unconventional existence. Not satisfied with doing the ordinary humdrum things done by ordinary men, he longs for something greater, more ideal, and more artistic.

During his life at college he works on this basis and accomplishes nothing. Another year given him in Paris by his father is spent in the same way; and at

the end he finds himself obliged to go into a commercial office.

At first the work galls him fearfully, but slowly he learns from one of his fellow workers that it is impossible to be at once conventional and happy. And this is the turning point in his career, for he now begins to reason and to apply to his own case those object-lessons which he sees around him. A vacation spent at home opens his eyes still more to the obliquity of his earlier views of life and a succeeding illness with a slow recovery gives him time for calm thought. As a result when he returns to his desk, hope has taken the place of despair and he goes to work full of new spirit—a spirit engendered by the rising conviction that his present future may, after all, be of more value than that which he had planned in his earlier period of "day-dreams."

Another novel with almost precisely the same theme is Camille Vergniol's "L'Enlèvement." The only difference is 'in the cause of the transformation. In Sueur's work it is due to the hero's own reasoning. An accident starts him thinking and he works out his own salvation. In this case the hero is unconsciously overcome by a sort of atmospheric influence which the province exerts over him and which, finally destroying all his former literary ambitions converts him into a loyal Provincial.

Both books are well written, both show deep thought, and both are careful and interesting psychological studies of a mental change in their respective heroes. Both may be recommended as a highly efficient soothing-syrup for those who have been obliged to forsake their chosen careers in art, literature, or some other of the conventional so-called unconventional Bohemian professions.

ART, music, literature.—Of the recent works on music two of the most interesting are "La Musique Française Moderne" by Georges Servières, and "La Psychologie dans l'Opéra Français," by Lionel Dauriac. The former of these works treats in a partly biographical, partly critical way, César Franck, Edouard Salo, Jules Massenet, Ernest Reyer, and Camille Saint-Saëns.

The chapter on M. Franck is especially sympathetic and may tend to give that too little-known composer at least a part of the praise he deserves. The work, as a whole, contains no very detailed criticism and little which impresses the reader as very deep. Still it gives in each case a good idea of why the respective musician has succeeded or failed, of why he might fairly have looked for a better or a worse fate, and of what actual value to music his work has really been. Beyond its biographical matter and its appended lists of all the productions of each composer it will, I fancy, be of little value to the professional or to the regular student of music. To the amateur, however, who knows little about the modern French schools it will be at once interesting, readable and useful.

The second work is, on the contrary, well worth the reading of any one who is interested in psychology or music be he professional, student, or amateur. Its title, "Psychology in French Opera," explains its aim.

The whole book is full of thought which is at once careful, definite, and to a great extent, original.

MILE Zola's "Nouvelle Campagne" is a collection of essays which have mostly appeared in "le Figaro." The most interesting are "La Société des Gens de lettres," "Ce qu'elle est," and "Ce qu'elle Devrait être," "Les Druits du Romancier," "Auteurs et éditeurs," "Les Droits du Critique." The chapter on Paul Verlaine entitled "Le Solitaire" is a very successful effort to scrape off some of the undue praise which has been so lavishly spread over the poet and his work since he has died and has nothing to gain from such attentions. The most conspicuous fault of the essay is that it tends to take away from M. Verlaine some of the praise which he deserves as well as that which he does not; but then that is a common error in M. Zola. The first article on "L'Opportunisme de Léon XIII" is another of those little discussions of certain features of Papal policy in which M. Zola now and then indulges, and which invariably cause the good Romanists to call him a beast and a heretic, atheist, or heathen, and the more zealous members

of their religious bodies to praise him for showing up the wiles of Papacy.



ANOTHER book of much interest to the lovers of Zola is the first volume of a series of scientific-literary investigations which M. Edouard Toulouse is publishing under the heading: "Enquête Médico-Psychologique sur les Rapports de la Supériorité Intellectuelle avec la Nevropathie."

The first part is devoted to a general exposition of the subject, an examination into the usual causes and signs of nervous disorder, and also of mental superiority, and some examples taken from history.

The second part deals entirely with M. Zola—his hereditary, physical, and psychological qualities.

As an attempt at applying medical and scientific principles to the discovery of some relation between the mental and physical conditions of an author and the nature of his literary productions, it is

full of interest; but even this is to my mind surpassed by that which arises from the results of the examination of M. Zola. Space forbids my giving them here; but if the later investigations prove so suggestive in regard to other writers as these have in the case of M. Zola, M. Toulouse will accomplish a great deal. In conclusion I can only call attention to Jules Lemaitre's annual publications, "Impressions du Théâtre" and "Nos Contemporains," for 1896, M. Dejob's "Etudes sur Tragédie," and Emile Mollivier's "Histoire Générale des Arts Appliqués à l'Industrie du Ve au XIXe Siècle." The first volume of this work which appeared last year stamped it as a monument in the history of art-literature and the second which has just come out keeps up the reputation. Next month I shall take up in particular some of the most recent French productions dealing with the social questions of to-day.

R. H. E. Starr.

Paris, April 15th.

WHEN DREAMS ARE BEST

Ere daylight dies to darkness,
And evening's lamps aglow
Make fast the lord of fancy,
And tune the heartstrings low:
Ere fears have come with night-fall
Or hopes have fled with day,
Before the morning splendors
Have turned to cold and gray;
Ere yet I've ceased forgetting
The things that bring regret,
The while I drop the burden
Of cares that wear and fret;
With subtle sense of soothing,
With promised peace and rest,
I feel the hour upon me
The time when dreams are best.

When all that fills my purpose
I've done or ne'er shall do;
Ere yet I face the darkness
And lose the earth to view;
Before the sudden summons
Has bid me turn and see
The ghosts of wrong that follow
To haunt the hour to be;
While yet the prayers of childhood
Have music in the ear;
Before the feeble footstep
Gives sign the end is near;
With sense of something finished,
With peace, I hope, and rest,
I'll feel the hour upon me,
The time when dreams are best.
Lewis Worthington Smith.



Along Literary Lines



CERTAIN critics of the old school are deploring the modern trend toward novels which deal with occult and scientific subjects, calling the one "trash" and the other "machine work." Many of these grumblers go still farther and ask how it is possible for such improbabilities to win vogue. The logic of all this should easily be guessed by whoever sincerely wishes to understand it; for it is simply another revulsion against attempts to obscure everything else under the materialistic and the commonplace. Every few years such waves as this overrun the entire country. A notable one was in 1886-7, when the influences of Howells and James were at their greatest height. The analysis of the trivial and the inconsequential had thus become matters of constant recurrence, and were taken to the extremest end of microscopic detail—dull, stale and unrelieved. All this went on until even Marion Crawford was led by so many dwarfing influences into perpetrating the one mistake of his lifetime, his "Tale of a Lonely Parish." About that time it was that there suddenly arose two counter-influences which swept reading America like a tidal wave; one being the adventure-tales of Rider Haggard, and the other the less wholesome erotic stuff with which the book-marts were unhappily flooded, for the next three years. Though there was plenty of faulty constructions and other defects in the work of Mr. Haggard, the people who moved through his pages were actual men and women, with truly human passions, hopes and fears. They were picturesque folk, sturdy and virile, who neither talked twaddle nor lived stupidly commonplace lives. Consequently they served as an agreeable counterpoise to Howells-Jamesism, and sensible people grabbed them up with avidity. In a few short months, the sales of the Haggard books had more than quadrupled all of those ever put to type by Howells and James. Commerce in the erotic books was still greater, for the reason that many classes of readers took them up; and both of these

enormous outputs were owed entirely to the Howells-James influence. More recently another set of people have, in the pages of their novels, been more or less cynically inveighing against nearly everything that is wholesome, clean and practical in religion, moral ethics and philosophy; and they have kept so resolutely at it that they have succeeded in building up a set of conditions as lamentable as those manufactured by the Howells-James contingent. As a logical consequence, another revulsion had to come, and this time it found its outlet along the line of scientific and occult speculation, which at least is more generally beneficial than the romanticism of Haggard and the sensuous vaporings of the erotists. At the close of the last century, when the people of France had swallowed all they could endure of the artificialities of royal pomp, they rebelled and brought about a healthier condition of things; and there have been many equally significant revolutions elsewhere, though somewhat more bloodless ones. This same kind of impatience and intolerance now and then moves the readers of books, when there has been too long a surfeit of the artificial, whether the same has manifested itself in the exploitation of society drivel, or that of iconoclastic invective. The stress and sweep of this, in every case, finally wreaks the downfall of the sham and the establishment of something healthier in its place. The present interest in science and occultism is a growth from just such a saving; and it is a splendid proof of the fact that the intellectual people of America decline to be mentally debauched.



AS told by his wife, the life-history of Philip Gilbert Hamerton is one in which tears played a far larger part than smiles. There was always poverty and ill-health, and for a considerable period there was paternal abuse. Appreciation was slow in coming and was never plenthorically productive of a golden

fruitage, at the very best. His wife and children adored him, and he must have been happy at least in their love—unless his apparently frank books are a false index to his nature. He died, as he had ever desired, standing alone with his wife, under a star-lit midnight sky, and in possession of the fullest vigor of his mind. Well—it is surely worth while, to so brave a soldier, to be let die in harness.



WITHOUT her name upon its title-page, few persons who turn the leaves of Margaret Deland's "Wisdom of Fools" would be able to guess that this book originated from the writer of "John Ward, Preacher." Not, perhaps, because there is any lack of vigor or skilled phrasing to these four stories, but more because anything succeeding such a novel as Mrs. Deland's aforementioned symphony in heart-chords can hardly fail to see an anti-climax. For the artificer of an almost faultless book to ever print another is always pathetic; for to risk marring a single perfect memory is the saddest possibility in literature.



NEITHER the "Arabian Nights," nor any other wonder-tales, Oriental or otherwise, can surpass Nansen's "Farthest North." Not only is it a history of marvellous experiences and adventures, but it is written with a modesty and simplicity of style which are admirable. Nansen's pastel and water-color studies from nature are skilfully reproduced, and give a better idea of the weird scenery of the remote north than many volumes of the most careful writing could present. The numerous maps, and the illustrations in black and white, which are abundant, are in harmonious keeping with the high quality of the rest of the work. Altogether, the Harpers have never accorded a better dress to any book than they have bestowed upon this masterly work of Nansen's.



AMONG other recent and rapidly-multiplying additions to the apparently interminable Napoleonic literature, the correspondence and personal papers

of Joachim Murat have just come to light. Having for his wife Caroline Bonaparte, the sister of the Little Corporal, and himself being first one of the emperor's trusted marshals, and afterward, by his appointment, the King of Naples, it naturally follows that Murat was familiar with most of the goings-on of the first Napoleonic era. Full of incidents and reminiscences as this new book is, however, it contains but little which former Napoleonic writers have not already disclosed; and many of them have surpassed Murat in conciseness of statement. Good soldiers, though, are not necessarily brilliant writers.



THAT skilled newspaper correspondent and novelist, Harold Frederic, well deserves the honor just visited upon him by the Scribners—that of a new and uniform five-volume edition of his novels and short stories. When the present Scribner Magazine was begun, at the end of 1896. Seth's Brother's Wife" started with it, as a serial. It was a capital story and gave Mr. Frederic a permanent following, which has grown constantly ever since. He is a slow and careful writer, and each new book of his is always a few shades better than the one before it, which is phenomenal among modern writers.



THERE is something delightfully inconsistent and droll about a new freak on the part of the management of the Carnegie Free Library, of Alleghany, Penn. It has decided to cease circulating the fiction of E. P. Roe. A. C. Gunter, Mary Jane Holmes and Emma D. E. N. Southworth. So far as it goes, this is a step in a good direction; but it is difficult to understand why this line of exclusion should not also have been drawn against the equally objectionable writings of Bertha M. Clay, Mary Agnes Fleming, the "Duchess," Mary Cecil Hay, Charlotte M. Braeme, and many other "popular" story-tellers. But then—there has been a charming lack of balance about everything connected with Mr. Car-

negie and his enterprise, and an exception to this would be startling.



EDGAR Fawcett has written a great many interesting stories, but with the exception of his exceedingly clever "Solarion," he has never done anything better than "A Romance of Old New York," which Lippincotts have just brought out. Though Aaron Burr is one of its chief characters, there is nothing particularly tragic about this novel, as might naturally be expected from such a presence there. On the other hand, it is light and bright and piquant, with enough mellow flecks of old-time coloring to give it all a quaintly archaic effect.



UNDER the impious title of "God's Failures," a person named Fletcher has written a book of fifteen short stories—every one of them a record of misery, shame, crime and general selfishness, or a combination of all these horrors. As intended by their author, there may be a lesson in each and every one of these dark recitals, but there is much doubt as to whether the same morals could not have been as potently drawn in gentler directions. The Fletcher method is too much like applying mustard-pastes to the feet to cure the toothache.



IT is said that Edward Bellamy's forthcoming novel will be pitched in a key somewhat similar to that of "Looking Backward"—that is, it will take up sociological and scientific possibilities and treat them in logical ways. If he has been working upon it ever since the completion of his famous former study, it should at least prove to be gracefully written.



THE late William Taylor Adams, who was most widely known as "Oliver Optic," was one of the few men who not only wrote voluminously, but entertainingly and instructively as well. It may be, as most critics are now saying, that his stories do not constitute litera-

ture; but they have all been wholesome and vigorous, and not one of them ever left a bad taste in the mouth, which is more than can be said of much of the accepted "literature" of the age.



MARK Twain's latest book, like his first one, is to be brought out by the American Publishing Company, of Hartford, Conn. This must be very gratifying to the managers of this firm, who, twelve years ago, when Mr. Clemens decided that he could no longer get on without a publishing house of his own, prophesied his ultimate failure in his proposed new rôle. As a matter of fact, it was less than three years before Mr. Clemens discovered that the prognostics of his old-time friends were true; but he declined to acknowledge himself beaten until actually forced to it, to prevent a greater financial loss than he could afford. When all of this gets far enough back into the past to be considered dispassionately, the humors of it may impel him to write the most diverting book of his life, on "What I Know About Publishing."



HOWEVER corrupt were the morals of the period in question, they could not possibly have surpassed in foulness the mind of the person who wrote "Undertones of the Second Empire"—a work which assumes to give a vast quantity of "inside information" as to the doings of the last Napoleon, his pretty wife and their merry court. To be accepted as history, this book was published much too soon; for there are plenty of people still living who personally know that more than half of the "revelations," so remorselessly crammed into this book, are absurd and groundless falsehoods. Even if all of these nasty things were true, there would be no excuse for their publication, while to have coined them is to have taken a premeditated plunge adown such disgusting depths as no clean-minded or self-respecting person would consent to enter. A. D. Van Dam, the supposed Englishman who wrote it, will win no enviable laurels from this pernicious book.